

DAVIDSON'S
POEMS.



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POEMS:

CHIEFLY IN THE BUCHAN DIALECT.

BY

JAMES DAVIDSON,

NEW PITSLIGO.

"I am nae Poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymor, like, by chance,
And hae to learning nae pretence;
Yet, what the matter!
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her."—BURNS.

ABERDEEN: LESLIE & MAULE.

BANFF: WILLIAM SMITH, JUNIOR. PETERHEAD: W. L. TAYLOR.

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DEDICATION.

SIR CHARLES, I, a humble bard—if bard I chance to be—
Respectfully now dedicate my songs an' rhymes to thee ;
But be the reason plainly known ; let nane the end mistak',
How I sae sma' to ane sae great this dedication mak'.
It's nae because I'm poor as Job fan a' his substance fled,
For, Heaven be prais'd, I'm *able*, Sir, an' *will'd* to work for bread ;
The daily bread an' brats o' claise are a' that I require ;
Wi' them an' health I am content—for gowd I've nae desire,
For if I can steer clear o' debt, aye hae a freen in need,
An' aye be favour'd by the Nine, I will be rich indeed.
It's nae because the warld kens thou art an' aye hast been
The best o' lairds, an' to the poor, without parade, a freen ;
Nor is't because thou art the Chief o' the loyal Donside clan,
A Baronet, an'—better far—the noble gentleman :
The titles—ne'er disgrac'd by thee—an' lands were thine by birth :
The gentleman is Nature's gift—the greatest ane on earth.
It's nae because a Pharisee or hypocrite thou'rt neither,
But wha would manhood sae disgrace as play the part o' either ?
Nor is't because fan graspin' thine I grasp a patriot's hand—
He does but what he ought to do wha lo'es his fatherland ;
Nor is't because thou'rt kind unto the orphans* of our brave,
Wha fechtin' for Great Britain's cause an' glory found a grave ;

* Sir Charles is one of the Patrons of the “Caledonian Society,” London, and Chief of a like benevolent and patriotic Society in Edinburgh.

To help the widow in her need, an' sairly anger "Cloutie,"
Kind Heaven has gien thee will wi' means, an' thou has done but
duty.

It's nae because—but here I'll halt; may a' that's evil strike me
If it's for ony ither cause than jist because *I like thee*,
That I o' this my humble beuk to thee mak' dedication.
Accept it, Sir, an' bless it wi' thy smile o' approbation;
Accept it, please; tho' small the gift, it's a' I hae to gie
In token o' a lang-nurs'd love an' deep respect for thee.
For lovin' thee, were it a fau't, I dinna crave thy pardon,
For folk will like jist wha they will, tho' scarcely worth ae farthin';
An' if to love thee were a fau't, I'd swear by a' the Muses
That ilka Scot in Christendom would need to beg excuses;
But if thou'd speer how't happen'd that afore I saw thy face
I nurs'd respect an' love for thee, I'd answer, "Blame the Press."
Tho' I've inscrib'd this beuk to thee, sma' honour thou'lt hae by it,
For that it, like mysel', has fau'ts, I'd lie if I'd deny it.
Excuse them; na, that's nae the word; account them nae worth
mindin',

For whaur's the beuk, the wark o' man, that nane a fau't can find in?
Yet I could wish the fau'ts o' this were only in the bindin'!

For Patriotism, Philanthropy, an' Charity unbounded,
An' Loyalty, the Press trumpet has oft thy praises sounded,
And aught o' laud frae me were vain; but, Patron, in conclusion,
I pray that Heaven may daily shower, in sweet an' rich profusion,
Its choicest blessings on thy head, an' gie thee length o' years,
And, fan "the silver cord is broke," a hame whaur are *nae* tears.

JAMES DAVIDSON.

POEMS.

VICTORIA, WELCOME BACK AGAIN!—8TH AUGUST 1860.

AIR—"Will ye no come back again?"

THRICE welcome back, beloved Queen,
Back to thy "Highland home" again,
To climb our "cloud cap'd" purple hills,
And 'mong the heather roam again!

Chorus. Thou art welcome back again!
Mair than welcome back again;
Lo'ed by ane, and lo'ed by a',
A' sing "Welcome back again!"

The scented breeze sings "welcome back,"
As it comes saftly down the glen;
And Craigengowan lifts its cap
To bid thee welcome back again.

Chorus. Thou art welcome back again, &c.

The bonny birks sing "welcome back!"
The aspens gladly join the strain,
An' shak' their leaves wi' perfect glee
To see thee mong them back again!

Chorus. Thou art welcome back again, &c.

“ Dark Lochnagar ” an’ Crathenaird,
 An’ a’ the ither priest-like “ Bens,”
 Rejoice and stroke their grey mist beards,
 An’ shout “ Thou’rt welcome back again ! ”
Chorus. Thou art welcome back again, &c.

E’en Dee that laves Balmoral’s wa’s,
 Fan ragin’ wild in times o’ rain,
 Sings joyfully to-day because
 Thou’rt to its banks come back again !
Chorus. Thou art welcome back again ;
 Streams sing “ welcome back again : ”
 Leal and loving subjects we
 A’ sing “ welcome back again ! ”

The lofty pines, wi’ arms outspread,
 Like chieftains fan they sain their men,
 Richt gladly nod their tufted heads
 An’ whisper “ welcome back again ! ”
Chorus. Thou art welcome back again—
 Nature hails thee back again ;
 Lo’ed by ane and lo’ed by a’,
 A’ sing “ welcome back again ! ”

Ilk cataract an’ ilka linn,
 That fa’s an’ foams an’ roars wi’ pain,
 Has chang’d its tune, an’ in their din
 Is heard but “ welcome back again ! ”
Chorus. Thou are welcome back again, &c.

May many years o’ health be thine,
 An’ a’ that’s happy aye thine ain ;
 An’ may thy gracious licht aft’ shine
 Upo’ the banks o’ Dee again.

Chorus. Thou'lt be welcome back again—
Aye thrice welcome back again ;
Lo'ed by ane an' lo'ed by a',
We'll sing "welcome back again !"

Unto thy Royal Consort we
Sing "welcome back to Dee again !"
But *deer* an' *grouse* on Gairn an' Dee
Lamentin' say, "waes me again."

Chorus. He is welcome back again ;
We sing "welcome back again ;"
Lo'ed like thee by ane an' a',
He's thrice welcome back again !

Unto thy Royal offspring we
Wi' joy say "welcome back again !"
To see them yearly here wi' thee
Maks ilka heart baith glad and fain.

Chorus. Welcome, welcome back again—
Thae we welcome back again ;
Lo'ed like thee by ane an' a',
Like thee they're welcome back again !

Thrice welcome back, beloved Queen
Our Highlan' air to breathe again !
But a' wi' joy wha welcome thee,
Will grieve fan thou dost leave again.

Chorus. Noo thou'rt welcome back again—
Mair than welcome back again ;
Lo'ed alike by ane an' a',
A' shout "welcome back again !"

LOCHNAGAR.

ON steep Craigengowan's birk, hazel, and broom,
 The dews of the twilight fell gently and slow,
 And the towers of Balmoral look'd dim in the gloom,
 For set was the sun beyond blue Ben-y-Gloe;
 The natives were sleeping, the loud wind was laid,
 And soft fell the din of the Dee on the ear,
 As it recklessly gush'd o'er its pebbly bed
 Past princely Balmoral, when midnight drew near;
 And the stars faintly shone when we started together
 From that lovely valley—two strangers from far—
 To grapple our way through Inchbobert's tall heather,
 And climb, before sunrise, the "dark Lochnagar."
 Each with staff in his hand and enwrapp'd in his plaid,
 Through darkness and dangers still forward we went,
 And climb'd that dread mountain ere daylight betrayed
 The perils we 'scaped in our fearful ascent.
 A streak in the east of the daybreak gave warning,
 And rosy-cheek'd Day by degrees did unfold.
 Resplendent with glory the Sun rose that morning,
 The soft heaving main seemed an ocean of gold;
 Our toil was repaid, for the sight was entrancing,
 When sweet ruddy dawn rent night's mantle in twain,
 And golden-hair'd Sol rose from Ocean's breast glancing,
 And gilt with his glory both mountain and plain.
 Ah, yes, Lochnagar! 'twas with holy emotion
 We gazed from thy summit o'er mountain and dell,
 And saw the red Sun springing out of the Ocean
 Thy black dizzy crenated crags to unveil!
 Though oft round thy summit the hurricane rages,
 Thy steep awful beauties know nought of decay;
 Thou reckst not of time, nor the lapse of long ages;
 Thou art not like mortals, a thing of a day.
 On thee, Lochnagar—on thy capstone so hoary—
 Our tears of affection in briny drops fell

To the mem'ry of Byron, who sang of "the glories
Of dark Lochnagar," where the tempest doth swell.
Still mirror'd as bright in the loch that 's below
Are thy black rugged cliffs, where the ptarmigan rest ;
In the sunbeams of Summer as bright gleams thy snow,
And the frost-bitten moss is as soft on thy breast.
The same as he left thee, still frowneth thy glory,
For Time on thy outline no changes hath made ;
But who now unfoldeth " traditional story ? "
Where now are thy " natives " and " pine-cover'd glade ? "
Magnificent mount ! from thy capstone so bald
How wild look the mountains around Ben-a-main !
How sweet in the sunbeams, superb Invercauld !
How pleasant the far distant valleys of grain !
Our hearts with unfeign'd adoration did glow,
And we thought of the glory and might of the Lord
As we look'd o'er Braemar to the mock-summer snow
On stately Ben Avon and proud Ben-a-board.
Impress'd with the grandeurs that round us were spread,
With fervent devotion our thanks we did raise,
As we stood on that mount with unbonneted heads,
To the Lord of creation, whose works all Him praise.
Farewell, Lochnagar ! of the Grampians the proudest !
We never may tread on thy summit again ;
But our names we've engraven where tempests roar loudest—
Engrav'd in thy rocks, that doth ever remain.
Farewell, Lochnagar ! where the frowning clouds rest
In majestic repose when the storms are gone !
Such sweet oblectation we never may taste
As we tasted when standing thy summit upon ;
For we were enraptur'd that morning beholding
The lamp of the world spring out of the main,
And peak after peak of the mountains unfolding
Above the grey mist—Gaffer Winter's domain.

SONG OF THE FORBES MEN.

DEAR to our hearts are our bold mountain passes,
Where Flora and Muta in peace have a throne,
But dear as our life are our wives, weans, and lasses,
The stars that illumine our homes of Strathdon!
Kind to Strathdon is that goddess called Ceres,
For neck deep in plenty we thankfully stan';
But few straths can boast of a blessing so rare as
A Laird like Sir Charles, the Chief of our clan!
Long may his life be! may all good attend him—
His lady and sons, may the same be their fa'!
May heaven from its storehouse of blessings aye send them
Unstinted the choicest and best of them a'!
Dear unto us are our heath-cover'd mountains,
And pine woods that shelter the glens of our lan',
But dearer by far than our hills, glens, or fountains,
Is Charles, our leader, the Chief of our clan!
It's aye summer with us when he is among us—
Strathdon has no winter but when he's awa';
When he is among us, there's nothing can wrong us,
For he is the oak that does shelter us a'!
'In the garb of Old Gaul' round his standard we gather,
And all goes well with us when he's in comman';
Off go our bonnets to greet him as father,
And show we love Charles, the Chief of our clan.
Beloved is Victoria by every Strathdonian—
Long may her life be, and happy her doom!
She's dear to our hearts as our lov'd Caledonia,
The land of the thistle, the heather and broom.
For our Queen and our country—Ho Lonach!—if need were,
Shoulder to shoulder united as one,
To conquer or die we would follow with speed, where
Before us goes Charles, the Chief of our clan!

* 'Ho Lonach!' the war cry of the clan.

B O N N I E M A R Y .

Tho' wild flowers dee on Nochtyside,
An' fade in fair Strathdon,
There's ae heart-cheerin' flower there,
In bloom tho' Simmer's gone.
That ae flower is the fairest ane
That Spring or Simmer saw,
An' the laughin' Sun o' Autumn ne'er
Will see a fairer blow.
That ae flower's bonny Mary—
A bonnier couldna be;
Love sits enthron'd amang her smiles,
An' laughs in her witchin' e'e.
He dances amang the ringlets
That shade her snaw-white brow,
An' maks ilk word melodious
That cometh frae her mou'.
In the dimples o' her cheek an' chin
Love sits an' bends his bow,
An' fires his shafts as thick as hail
Fan Winter's on Ben Newe.
Nae lad wi' safety can approach
Whaur Love aye hauds a hame;
For nane can parry aff the darts
He at their heart does aim.
He—while to me she sweetly sung—
Loot fly a dart at me;
It pierc'd my heart, an' aye since then
I've just been like to dee.
I'm nae the merry lad I was;
I'm heart-sick an' heart-sair,
An' on my face, whaur joy ance dwalt,
There's naething noo but Care.

But bonny Mary—if she would—
 Could my physician prove,
 An' heal the wound nane else can heal,
 An' Care frae me remove.

A CROFTER'S WIFE'S COMPLAINT.

THIS day dings a' I ever saw,
 Or wush to see again, sir;
 We wunna cour't in twuntty years—
 I'm crazed in the brain, sir.

Our doddy cow ran ower the hill,
 Nae deer was e'er sae fleet, sir,
 An' she has fa'en an' killed hersel'—
 Nae wunner tho' I greet, sir!

An' Jock, puir thing, ran after her
 An' fell an' brak his hench, sir;
 An' John himsel' has sprain'd his queet,
 An' canna gang an inch, sir.

An'—curse the tyke!—whan we arose,
 Our crookit-hornt ewe, sir,
 That held our bairnies a' in hose,
 Lay worrit i' the howe, sir.

The warld's a' against us noo—
 I wush that I was dead, sir;
 I surely hae got up this day
 Back foremost oot o' bed, sir.

The rent day is on Tyseday week,
 An' we hae fient a plack, sir,
 An' kenna whaur to gang an' seek—
 I fear we'll lose our tack, sir.

Our crap—whilk was a bonny crap—
 E'er ready for the ruck, sir,
 By sad mishap the weather brak,
 An' noo it lies like muck, sir.

Jock lies the but, John lies the ben,
 In dolefu' lamentation;
 To wrie our case I'm sure 'twad spen'
 O' ink an inundation.

'Tis strange that fortune smiles on some,
 An' frowns on ithers sairly;
 Wi' warst o' luck to us she's come—
 Oh! we are ruint fairly!

HELEN LEE.

THE nicht was cauld, the win' roar'd bauld;
 The burn it ran a spate;
 Thick flew the snaw o'er cot and ha'—
 It was a tempest great;
 When Adam Lee bestrode his steed
 To gallop to the town,
 To bring the midwife out with speed,
 Though sair the storm did frown.
 But Adam Lee did never see
 The midwife nor the town;
 The ford was deep, and it did sweep
 Baith horse and horseman down.
 Poor Mrs Lee! hard was her fate—
 'Twas she in childbed lay—
 When she was tauld the roarin' spate
 Had carried him away.
 That dreadful shock her heartstrings broke—

Grief will not always smother—
Death closed the e'e of Mrs Lee
As soon's she was a mother.
The gather'd neighbours stood aghast,
And prayed with tearful e'e—
"Remember, Thou who rulest the blast,
Poor orphan Helen Lee."
The tearful prayers of hearts sincere
Were never yet in vain—
A lady came and took her hame,
Who had nane o' her ain ;
And she did sing the mother's glee,
The soothing "lullaby,"
And fairer babe than Helen Lee
Ne'er looked on summer sky.
Like flow'ret lone on mountain dun,
The child in beauty grew,
Both wise and good, to womanhood,
And equals she had few.
Yea, she was fair, and wise, and good—
A peerless maid was she—
And the young laird ayont the wood
Came courtin' Helen Lee.
One summer day, when flowrets gay
Were blooming fresh and fair,
And birdies sang, the bells were rung,
Flags flutter'd in the air ;
That summer day a bridal band
Was heard, in blythsome glee,
Sing, " Our braw laird has heart and hand
Of charming Helen Lee."

THE AUTUMN WIND IS BLOWING.

THE autumn wind is blowing,
And the leaves are falling fast ;
Life's troubled tide is flowing,
And this day may be our last.
Yet we fain of Hope would borrow
One ray to cheer us on
Through this troubled sea of sorrow,
While our course through it we run.

The autumn wind is blowing,
And the leaves are falling fast ;
Alas ! there is no knowing
But this year may be our last.
Yet we cling to life with vigour,
While of Hope we always borrow ;
Oh ! 'tis strange we are so eager
To prolong a life of sorrow.

The autumn wind is blowing,
And the leaves are falling thick ;
Like them we all are going
From a life by sin made sick.
Yet we fain of Hope would borrow
One ray to cheer us on
Through this troubled sea of sorrow,
While through it our course we run.

The autumn wind is blowing
Over fields that now are bare,
But one Reaper is still mowing,
And there's none whom he will spare.
Yet of Hope we fain would borrow
One ray to say that we
May be spared, though doomed to sorrow,
Another year to see.

The autumn wind is blowing
 O'er the graves of those we loved,
 Unto us a lesson showing
 That we, too, must be removed,
 Our lives are fraught with sorrow,
 And 'tis strange that every heart
 Still of Hope a ray doth borrow,
 And is loth with life to part.

The autumn wind is blowing,
 And the leaves are falling fast ;
 Life's troubled tide is flowing,
 And this day may be our last.
 Let us then, through joy or sorrow,
 March on our heavenward way,
 Leaving nought to do to-morrow
 That may well be done to-day.

L A U R I G R U .

COLD, cold 'mong the cliffs rolls the mist, grey and hoary,
 When set hath the sun on the far western sea ;
 And cold's Ben-Muic-Dhui when draped in night's glory ;
 And cold blew the wind o'er the lone " Well of Dee "
 The night that we climbed that dark mountain together,
 And traced out the glen that gives birth to the Dee :
 The lone Laurigru, where blooms no purple heather,
 Nor scented bog myrtle, nor flow'ret, nor tree.
 We thought of no house when the twilight closed round us,
 And night on the mountains her sable cloak threw ;
 But slept 'mong the craigs till the rising sun found us
 The only things living in lone Laurigru.
 And oh ! how enchanting, how wild and romantic,
 That bleak gloomy glen, the source of the Dee,

Where Garchary falls with a roar fierce and frantic
That mocketh the voice of the wild raging sea !
Light hearted we roam'd o'er the steep barren mountains,
Where nestles the eagle, where elements war ;
Where roareth the linn, and where sparkleth the fountain ;
Where fleet bounds the deer in the glens of Braemar ;
Where glanceth the snow upon dread Ben-Muic-Dhui ;
Where grim Cairntoul bleak Breriach doth woo ;
Where Garrawalt toils through sublime Ballochbui,
But saw no Highland glen like the wild Laurigru.
A silence like death there for ever prevaieth,
That's broken alone by the cataract's yell,
Or roar of the tempest that madly assaileth
The wild rocky guardians of Dee's lonely well.
No shepherd lives there in snug heath-cover'd shieling ;
No flocks pasture there when the winter is o'er ;
No pibroch sounds there, and no war notes are pealing,
That led to the onset the clansmen of yore.
Yet, thou lone Laurigru, 'tis delightful to con
The wild frowning glories that decorate thee :
Where, from thy limpid well—through a rampart of stone
At the foot of Breriach—springs swift running Dee !
To the snow-speckled mountains that guard Laurigru,
Away all ye lovers of nature—away !
To the “ Well of the Dee,” that is known but to few ;
For Nature is there in her wildest array !

BE MINE.

Be mine to wear the kilt and plaid,
The sporran and the tartan hose,
The bonnet blue and buckled brogues,
Exempt from pride and envy's woes.

Be mine to rove 'mong Scotia's hills,
 Or through the forest's lone retreat,
 When Summer spreads her flowery wings,
 And fills the air with fragrance sweet ;
 To wander by the limpid brook,
 And hear the feather'd warblers sing,
 And the heart-cheering melodies
 Of summer make the welkin ring.
 Be mine to live at peace with all,
 To aye do all the good I can ;
 To cheer the cheerless downcast heart,
 And bless my foes instead of ban ;
 To be contented with the lot
 That Providence may please to send—
 To banish each repining thought,
 And truth and justice aye defend.
 Be mine a manful honest heart,
 Unsullied by degrading vice,
 That loves to see its neighbour thrive,
 And is unknown to avarice ;
 A heart that's prone to sympathize
 With those who in distress may be,
 And will each fault and failing hide
 That I may in my neighbour see.

WHO ARE SUICIDES ?

THAN the water, or poison, the rope, or the knife,
 There are many more ways one may take his own life ;
 Nature's laws are well known, and each step that we take
 Is a suicide's step, if that law it doth break.
 Like the brain-smashing bullet, or leap from steep rock,
 Suicidal's each deed if her law it hath broke.

Just look at that drunkard. His face is all blotched,
And by falls or by fighting his head is all notched ;
Can his life be a long one when thus he doth rave ?
When he dies, will he not fill a suicide's grave ?
Yes ! a suicide's grave he as surely shall fill
As the man who himself with a poison doth kill.

Just look at that youth, with the ghastly pale face,
That wreck of imprudence at the end of his race,
Who indulged in excesses, made comrades of rakes,
When death takes him hence, it a suicide takes ;
For he that by riot hath shortened his life
Is as guilty as he who dies by his own knife.

See that man of bent form. He is young, but looks old,
He has wrought himself done just for sheer greed of gold ;
Health owns him not now, tho' of wealth he hath store,
But his greed is unglutted, and he toils on for more.
Would his fame after death, like his ingots, shine bright,
If " Here lies a suicide " on's tombstone we write ?

See that wasp-waisted lady, with face pale as snow,
No more on her cheeks is seen health's ruddy glow ;
For disease of the spine—caused by lacing too tight,
To appear slender-waisted—has ruined her quite.
From the death that awaits her, no skill can her save,
And her last resting place is a suicide's grave.

A man is a thief if he steal once through need,
But that man's a vile thief who steals solely through greed ;
And if, in the act, by mistake he is shot,
His greed is the slayer, should he die on the spot.
Each thief is a suicide when killed in the act—
The bullet's the billet says, " never come back."

The man who transgresses Dame Nature's fair laws,
By breaking his health doing feats for applause,
Is a vain suicide, and as guilty as he
Who drowneth himself in the river or sea,

Or the man who for gold takes a vixen to wife,
Whom he knows will torment him the rest of his life.

And the murderer, too, fills a suicide's tomb—
He kills, is found out, and the law seals his doom ;
But he knew, as he thought of the poison or knife,
That the deed, when discovered, would cost him his life ;
So as over the jailyard the winter winds rave,
They rave o'er a murd'rer and suicide's grave.

WHO ARE CHRISTIANS?

ALL they who always justly deal,
And mercy love to show,
And who can for their neighbour feel,
Who's deeply steep'd in woe.
Who for the helpless orphans care ;
Who widows shield and aid ;
Who let the poor their bounty share,
And raise each lowly head ;
Who strive to cheer each drooping heart,
And make each mourner glad,
And count it every Christian's part
To warn and win the bad.
All they who when they do reprove
Whatever they see wrong,
Do it in meekness, and through love,
With sweet persuasive tongue.
All with themselves who are at peace—
At peace with God and man,
And to make brotherhood increase
Do always all they can.
All they the hungry ones who fill,

As self their neighbour love,
 And who delight to do the will
 Of Him who reigns above.
 All who sincerely do believe
 That Jesus died for all,
 And, while for sin they humbly grieve,
 Obey His saving call.

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.*

AN! there's oae from us call'd, whose demise we lament,
 Had a heart that could feel for us aye!
 And we shed the sad tear for the noble who ne'er
 Sent the poor empty-handed away.

Wail! wail, ye wild winds, 'mong the trees round Duff House!

Wail, Dev'ron, as through them ye glide!

Ye tall pines that wave in the glens of Braemar,

Hang your heads over Dee's rushing tide.

And wail in the breeze that sweeps over Mar Lodge,

O'er the death we so deeply deplore!

Wail, crystalline Dee, from thy well to the sea!

For the "Friend of the Poor" is no more.

Lament, Ben Muic Dhui! wail, lone Laurigru,

For our lov'd one who call'd you his own!

Wail, Braemar's lovely plains! wail, ye wide-spread domains,

Where the light of his favours hath shone!

Ye eagles that soar over bare Ben Muic Dhui,

Fly away to your eyries and moan!

And ye dark mountain mists that so often have kiss'd

Ben Muic Dhui's bleak summit of stone.

* Written on the death of James, 4th Earl of Fife, in March 1857.

Be loud in your wail for the loss we sustain
 In the death of "THE GOOD EARL FIFE!"
 For a kinder than he, ah! we never will see—
 To a kinder God never gave life.

Ye fatherless children! ye husbandless wives!
 All ye who his bounty hath shared,
 Red, red be your eyes! let your wailings arise,
 For him who for each of you cared!

Be loud in your wail for the head that's laid low,
 For the heart that will never beat more—
 For the heart that was kind, that at all times did find
 A balm that heal'd up ev'ry sore!
 Let your wailings arise to the listening skies,
 From your sorrowing hearts' inmost core!

Few nobles were like him—O, would that there were!
 On a better the sun never shone;
 Unto all he was dear, and unfeign'd falls the tear
 O'er the bier of our lov'd one who's gone.

"The Friend of the Poor," alas! he is gone
 To that world where time is no more,
 But he'll aye hold a part in our sorrowing heart—
 He will live in our bosom's best core!

LINES ON HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LORD
 ABERDEEN AT HADDO HOUSE.

Tuesday, 13th October 1857.

THE grey mist hung in giant wreaths upon the mountains high,
 When our lov'd Queen her Highland hame and Deeside bade "Good
 bye;"
 And softly slept the autumn wind on hill, in cave, and vale,
 As she Balmoral's lofty towers and turrets bade "farewell."

The mist that hung on tower and tree, o'er river and deep glen,
 Wept as it kiss'd the limpid Dee, and whisper'd "Come again ;"
 And many a loyal heart on Dee said "Farewell" as she hied
 Away to noble Haddo House, on pearly Ythanside ;
 And thus prayed many a Scottish tongue—"God save, and send
 again,
 Our own lov'd Queen, when autumn comes, back to her Highland
 glens."

As she the road to Haddo House by Alford posted on,
 The mist dispersed, and bright the sun in autumn glory shone ;
 And thousands of her children "feasted their eyes" that day
 On her, and showed their loyalty as she sped on her way ;
 And thousands of her children from near and far came forth
 To testify how glad they were to see her in the North.

At Haddo House, with "Aberdeen," o'erjoyed were great and
 small ;
 The honouring that noble Lord was honouring us all !
 Among us our beloved Queen requires no armed band
 To guard her from the trait'rous blow of regicidal hand ;
 For in each Aberdeenshire heart deep love to her doth reign,
 And Love's by far a better guard than hosts of armed men.
 Each Aberdeenshire heart doth pray, "Long live our gracious
 Queen,
 Who honoured us by visiting 'Athenian Aberdeen.'"

B O B S N A W .

O ART thou come back, Bob Snaw, Bob Snaw,
 Fan winter's sae nearly awa !
 Fu durst thou come forth frae thy stormy north,
 Fan' folks are beginnin' to saw ?

We likena to see thee, Bob Snaw, Bob Snaw,
Fan flowers are beginnin' to blaw ;
Sae hie awa' hame to the clouds whence thou came,
To the gates o' auld Boreas' ha'.

Gae back to thy freens, Bob Snaw, Bob Snaw,
An' dinna come back on's awa ;
Thou mustna be seen till the hairstin be deen,
Syne come fan it fits thee, Bob Snaw.

We likena thy breath, Bob Snaw, Bob Snaw,
That fierce ower the mountains doth blaw,
For it's gruesomely bauld, an' its wunerfu' cauld,
And gars icicles glance on the wa'.

Sae hie awa' hame, Bob Snaw, Bob Snaw,
Be aff wi' thysel', Bob Snaw !
Thou sudstna be here at this time o' the year,
Fan folk are beginnin' to saw.

Thou'rt a frosty-pow'd chiel, Bob Snaw, Bob Snaw,
Thou'rt a cauld hertit chiel, Bob Snaw ;
Nae love blinks we see in thy icy like e'e,
Nae kindness is in thee awa.

There are folk that we ken, Bob Snaw, Bob Snaw,
As saulless as thou art, Bob Snaw ;
They arena sae auld, but their hearts are as cauld
As the win's frae thy chaumers that blaw.

They ne'er shed sweet sympathy's tear, Bob Snaw
Fan distress on a neibour doth fa' ;
Their hearts hae nae place for a neibour's distress,
An' they rugna his back frae the wa'.

They are sordid eneuch, Bob Snaw, Bob Snaw,
An' it's SELF that's their a' an their a' ;
They carena a flee fat their neibour may dree,
Gin mishap frae themsel' bide awa'.

They likena to see ithers thrive, Bob Snaw,
 They canna thole that sicht at a';
 Sair, sair doth it harrow their saulies sae narrow,
 Gin luck but to SELF chance to fa'.

We pity sic bodies, Bob Snaw, Bob Snaw,
 For surely their pleasures are sma';
 Fan self is the theme o' their loftiest dream,
 Sure envy their hearties maun gnaw.

Sae tho' could be thy heart, Bob Snaw, Bob Snaw,
 We see caulder hearts nae far awa';
 We see hearts that won't melt at the sorrow that's felt
 By a neibour wha's back's at the wa'.

Like the grun fan seal'd up, Bob Snaw, Bob Snaw,
 By thy father John Frost's stout paw,
 Their purses are sealed, an' their hearts they are steel'd—
 They are deaf to sweet charity's ca'.

Sae their hearts are harder than thine, Bob Snaw,
 An' naething doth melt them ava;
 But thine aye doth melt, Bob, fan ance thou hast smelt,
 The breath o' the lo'esome TIB THAW.

A W I S H.

MAY Care corrode the inmost core,
 And Sorrow be the lot,
 Of all who hate, or who ignore,
 The land of Bruce and Scott!

P R E A C H E R S.

THE melodies of Spring ; Hope whis'pring flowers ;
 The rugged cliffs where wildest tempests howl ;
 Effulgent Summer, with its leafy bowers ;
 Ripe Autumn's riches, and fell Winter's scowl ;
 The sun ; the moon and stars ; the lightnings' flash ;
 Each thunder peal ; the sullen tempest's roar ;
 The sea, when calm, or when its breakers dash
 In headlong madness on the sea-girt shore ;
 Each river, as it smoothly onward glides ;
 Each roaring cataract ; each placid lake ;
 Or mountain—as its hoary head it hides
 Among the clouds, where larks at dawn do make
 Sweet melody to greet the rising sun—
 In language eloquent to us do preach,
 And will, while Time its fleeting course doth run,
 To man sublime and holy lessons teach.

What saith the Snowdrop ? Doth it not to all
 Proclaim that Spring with all its charms is nigh ?
 And bid each heart that's drap'd with sorrow's pall
 Be comforted, and place its confidence on high ?
 What saith the Sun ? Doth it not speak of Him
 Who made the universe, who governs all,
 And makes it shed alike its cheering beam
 On saint and sinner, upon great and small ?

What saith the SPRINGTIME, as it gently weaves
 Earth's robe of verdure interspers'd with flowers,
 And clothes the trees with green and tender leaves,
 Nursing them with sunbeams and genial showers ?
 O ! doth it not to us, with cheerful voice,
 Proclaim that, when life's wintry day is gone,
 We shall, in never-fading spring, rejoice
 In that bright sphere where sorrow is unknown ?

And hath not SUMMER language of its own,
And saith, "So fleeteth youth, as fled sweet Spring?"
And doth not AUTUMN, when the leaves are strewn,
Didactic lessons teach, and warnings bring?
Doth it not teach, when fields of golden grain
At sunny noon a song of plenty sing,
That there is One who for the wants of men
From Plenty's lap a rich supply doth fling?
And doth it not to us this mandate give—
"As His beneficence alike doth fall
On all His creatures that on earth do live,
Be thankful, joyful, and be kind to all?"
When men the mournful wreck of verdure see,
When autumn winds among the branches rave,
The leaves as they are falling from the tree,
Are they not Preachers, preaching of the grave?
The leaves! O are they not, in their decay,
An emblem of the autumn of our years?
The falling leaves! O do they not pourtray
Man's exit from a world of sin and tears?

When WINTER from Aquarius' pitcher pours
Its floods of rain, or ruthless storms of snow,
Upon the tomb of verdure and of flowers,
While loud and fearfully the wind doth blow,
Doth it not preach?—to us doth it not say,
"As verdure died, so mortals all will die;
In dust until the resurrection day,
As sleepeth verdure, so shall mortals lie?"

To man, all NATURE ceaselessly doth preach;
It unto him God's majesty displays;
God's might and goodness it doth ever teach,
And—calm or troubled—doth extol His praise.

LINES FOR THE TIMES.*

SUMMER, sweetly art thou smiling, dress'd in Flora's fair array,
 While the lark outpours its ditty in the limpid sky of May ;
 The west wind wantons gently, and the burnies, as they leap,
 Sing lullaby to sadness, and hush wry-mouth'd care asleep.
 The woods, now clad in greenness, shake their leaflets in thy breath,
 And Dame Nature, fresh and lovely, seems to say, "There is no
 death !"

Soft fleecy clouds are floating on the perfumed sunny air,
 And joy o'er nature reigneth—there is music everywhere !
 The playful lambs are sporting on the daisy-spangl'd leas ;
 The earth is full of blossom—hark, the music of the bees !
 The blackbird and the lintie, the chaffinch and the thrush,
 Swell the anthem thou art raising, singing love on tree and bush.
 On the placid lakes reflected are the mountains, sky, and trees,
 And the waves are heaving gently on the ever-swelling seas.
 From sunrise to his setting, from the gloaming to the dawn,
 Thou art preaching lofty sermons, speaking joy and peace to man.
 But a sound comes from the East, over land and sea afar,
 Speaks of carnage ; asketh Britain, "Art thou well prepared for
 war ?"

The devil loveth despots ; maketh wolves appear as sheep ;
 Gives them power to hoodwink nations, and to drug them till
 asleep.

The devil to each despot prompteth many a hellish freak ;
 Bids them choke the sleeping lions, seize the ill-defended weak ;
 Bids them mind on famous battles by their great ancestors lost,
 Pointing deep revenge's finger to the Rose and Thistle's coast.
 Art thou quietly sleeping, Britain? no, I see thou'rt "wide awake,"
 Training those who will defend thee, should thy safety be at stake.
 Thy north limb, tho' defenceless, were she armed, had she skill,
 Is able to defend herself, and does not want the will !
 Then arouse ye, sons of Scotland ! come from glen, and farm, and
 town !

Get a musket ; learn to wield it for Great Britain and the Crown.

* At this time (May 1859), France and Sardinia were leagued in arms in Italy against Austria, and an invasion of Britain by France was spoken of.

A BACHELOR'S ANSWER TO A LETTER OF AN "OLD MAID,"
NEW DEER, WHO OFFERED HERSELF FOR A WIFE.

MR EDITOR, Sir, of the "old maid" so rare,
With the mutable een and transmugrified hair,
Whose perfections "a volume would scarcely contain,"
And whose letter was set to the "Laird o' Cockpen,"
I e'en must acknowledge—nay, frankly declare—
She's the most weathercockish I ever did ken,
Or ever heard tell of, or e'er wish to see,
And he who will wed her a "queer ane" will be.

That she's partly a witch, she hath evidence gien,
And ere long that she's wholly a witch will be seen;
And, like "Nannie," the supple, be seen in her "sark,"
Dancing featly to Satan, some night in the dark,
Round auld Castle Federate, or, what oft hath been,
In the shape of a hare, coursing round every park!
But she'll better take care, lest it may be her lot
That she'll by "a crooked cross saxpence" be shot.

That "old maids," who daily e'en hope against hope,
That a wooer perchance in their lone way may drop,
Will try ev'ry plan, and each artifice vile,
The hearts of poor bachelor lads to beguile,
I well can believe, and I wishna to stop
The thought or the hope that gives birth to a smile,
But, with thanks for her offer, which I must decline,
I frankly must tell her she will not be mine.

A BACHELOR'S LILT ON ST VALENTINE'S DAY.

AIR—'Welcome back.' By PATERSON, Longmanhill, Banff.

THE welkin daily will be ringing
With the music o' the lark,
And the mavis will be singing
In the wood till day grows dark.

Ilka Patie hath his Peggy
 Save my lonely, weary sel' ;
 I maun on my ' rhyming naigie '
 Sing o' hapless love a tale.
 A' the birdies are a-mating
 With their chosen Valentine,
 Care and hunger a' forgetting
 At sweet Hymen's happy shrine.
 Ilka creature seemeth cheery,
 Love gars care an' canker flee ;
 Ken ye whaur I'd get a dearie
 That would love an' comfort me ?
 Ken ye whaur I'd get a dawtie
 That would tak me for her ain ?
 Gie me nane in temper haughty,
 Fu' o' Pride an' grim Disdain ;
 Gie me ane wha's meek an' lowly,
 Twa black een an' raven hair,
 And a voice o' music full aye—
 I would love her evermair.
 Gie me nane wi' better treasure
 Than a heart o' guile that's free,
 Modest, an' that will tak' pleasure
 In whatever pleases me ;
 Ane wha likes to fill wi' gladness
 Hearts whom sorrow has made sair ;
 Ane like this would cure my sadness,
 Gar me bid adieu to care.
 Sen' me to her—let me see her,
 Early let our hearts be ane ;
 A' I hae I'll freely gie her,
 If she'll be my bosom frien'.
 What tho' I hae little money,
 Love with health maks labour licht ;
 Want shall never jee her ony,
 While I've hands, an' strength, an' sicht.

A W I S H .

BE mine the din of a Highland linn
 For a soothing lullaby,
 When enwrap't in my plaid on a heather bed
 I sleep on the mountains high.

A SOCIAL PINCH O' SNEESHIN'.

A LAY FOR SNUFF TAKERS.

WHA will despise a social pinch, or say that it is wrang?
 An' wha will not confess that much doth to a pinch belang?
 Wha hasna felt its influence when thocht was stan'in' still?
 Wha hasna felt its gran' effect in mouldin' thocht to will?
 Wha hasna felt its soothin' power when warldly cares intrude,
 An' scare awa' our better thochts wi' thochts dark, dull, an' crude?
 When projects that we've cherish'd lang gang a' to crocanition,
 What can sic crosses heal as does a social pinch o' sneeshin'?
 An' when at kirk on Sunday we maun hearken sleepy stuff,
 What keeps us frae "the lan' o' nod?"—our social pinch o' snuff.
 An' when Mess John exhorts us a' to flee frae dark perdition,
 What gars us min' on this advice?—just mem'ry-helpin' sneeshin'.
 While some around the ingle clear enjoy their soothin' puff,
 Delighted wi' the curlin' reek, be ours a pinch o' snuff.
 While others smoke their fine cigars, surrounded by ambition,
 An' wines an' cordials frae afar, be ours the pinch o' sneeshin'.
 It clears our een when they are dim; it clears our judgment too;
 An' to the wrinkled cheek of age it brings youth's ruddy hue.
 It helpeth our perceptive powers when o'er deep books we con;
 It bringeth pleasures numberless, an' biddeth care begone;
 It doesna choke the ladies fair, nor cause our thirst arise,
 As does the smoking of the leaf—much smoking hurts the eyes;
 It doesna drive our wits awa', as doth the baneful cup,
 That some, unheeding character an' health, delight to sup.
 Be't high or low, through life we'll be content wi' our position,
 An', hatin' avarice an' pride, we'll aye admire the sneeshin'.

LINES ON THE MAJORITY OF WILLIAM DINGWAL FOR
DYCE, YR. OF BRUCKLAY,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE ENTHUSIASM OF ONE OF THE ABERDOUR
TENANTS' "BETTER HALF."

[Written while en route to Aberdour, 31st March 1857.]

THE wife whom I stop wi' rose early to-day,
An' she bawled at the top o' her voice—
"Och, Hamish, arise; d'ye hear what I say?
Get out o' yer bed an' rejoice.
The sun's gettin' up, an' the lark's in the sky,
Singin' sweet wi' the dew on its breast,
While you like a sluggard in bed still do lie,
Like a mole happit up in its nest!
Get out o' yer bed, an' rejoice like the lave
O' the folk upon Brucklay's estate!
To-day, if there's ane 'bout my house lookin' grave,
By my fegs, I will wallop his pate!
Get out o' yer bed, an' rejoice that the heir
O' our landlord is major to-day!
I will gie him three cheers, and a lusty cheer mair—
Hurra for young Willie! hurra!
Hurra! hurra! hurra for the heir!
And may happiness aye be his fa';
May his life be a lang ane, unshatter'd by care;
May dishealth aye frae him bide awa'!
May he aye bend his ear to the tale o' distress
When the poor man to him makes his moan;
May he ne'er turn awa' frae the pitiful face
That the sun o' mishap shineth on.
But may he hae a heart that will feel for the woes
O' the widow an' fatherless weans—
A heart that is noble in each of its throes,
Like the heart o' his father an' freens!
Lang life to the lad who is major to-day!
Lang life to brave Captain Fordyce!"
I trow I got up, for I thocht she was fey,
An' like a' body roun' I rejoice.

HOLIDAY VERSES.

[The writer being invited to join the Employées on "Banffshire Journal" on their Holiday, on September 9, 1857, the terrible rains of that morning prevented him accompanying them. The first piece expresses his feelings of disappointment; the second pictures his (imaginary) visit to Bennachie, whither, in spirit, he accompanied the holiday makers.]

TIB RAIN.

O WEARY fa' that jade, Tib Rain,
 Whilk thus preventeth me
 Frae gaen to join the "Journal" staff
 In clim'in' Bennachie!

Fy, fy! Tib Rain, ye heartless quine!
 Fu daur ye thus come here
 To keep *me* sittin' in the hoos,
 An' folk frae gaen to shear?

Ye ken fu weel that this is hairst,
 That fields are clad wi' stooks;
 That naebody says "Welcome, Tib,"
 Save mullert folk an' deuks.

An' weel ye ken nae "Welcome, Tib,"
 This day ye'll get frae me,
 Fan ye hae come an' stoppit me
 Frae gaen to Bennachie.

An' fan, at nine o'clock yestreen,
 Yer ill-faured face I saw,
 I'm seer I bade ye disappear
 Afore the cock sud craw.

An' fan a' nicht, wi' auld Jock Win,
 Ye kick'd up sic a spree,
 I hoped that ere the mornin' cam'
 Ye'd baith exhaustit be.

Bit noo I see yer ill to kill,
 An' waur to fleg awa',
 An' that ye dinna care a flee
 Fu' loud Jock Win' may blaw.

Fan he his whussle blew bit laich,
Yer capers war' bit licht,
An' fan he blew a louder blast,
Ye danc'd wi' a' yer micht.

An' syne fan he wad oter you,
An' flaf, an' howl, an' rair,
Ye tried, ye jade, to droon the chiel,
That he micht blaw nae mair.

Bit troth, Tib Rain, ye wasna fit
Bluff auld Jock Win' to slay,
An' 'cas he cudna drive ye hence,
Gars me keep hame the day.

Noo, auld Tib Rain, gin ye'd gae hame,
An' never mair be seen
To hinner folk, an' anger folk,
Until the hairst be deen,

We then wad let ye rant an' rin
Till burns owerflow their banks,
But really, Tib, it is a sin,
To play this day sic pranks.

Ye've wat the stooks, flung doun the grain,
An' sair offen't me
By keepin' me frae meetin' freens,
An' clim'in' Bennachie.

My bluid is up—confoon ye, Tib!
Gin I had bit the power,
The road back to yer cloudy hame
I'd quickly gar ye scour.

For sair ye've disappointit me
Wi' your confoonit daffin'!
Ho, ho, Tib! I may hand my tongue
Fan thus yer at me lauchin'.

I thocht, an' hoped, last nicht that ye
 Wad tak' advice an' sail
 To foreign lan's, but ah ! I fin'
 "Hope tauld a flatt'rin tale."

Sae I maun bide at hame the day,
 An' sit an' moralize ;
 An' min' that sulky clouds aft come
 To dim Hope's brichtest skies.

But wi' the "Journal folk" in thocht,
 I'll gang whaur'er they gae,
 Gin ye hae latt'n them tak gate
 To haud their "holiday."

On Bennachie, wi' them in thocht,
 I'll snuff the caller air,
 An' hope ye will be kinder neist—
 Hope's better than despair.

BENNACHIE.

O Bennachie, auld Bennachie,
 How joyfully I clim',
 Throu' whins an' heath, an' ruts, an' stanes,
 Up to thy summit grim !

An' gaze on a' the bonny scenes
 That frae thy tap are seen ;
 On these blue mountains in the west,
 Whaur aften I hae been.

On that king o' the Grampians,
 "Dark Lochnagar," the grim—
 Whilk ance at midnight's mirkest hour
 I joyfully did clim'.

On "Tap o' Noth," the "Buck," the "Bin,"
 "Benrinnas," "Morven" dun,
 An' mony mair braw Heighlan' hills
 A' lauchin' to the sun.

Richt weel I like to see the hills,
An' scale their rugged sides,
For Nature in her ancient form
And grandeur there abides.

But, Bennachie ! a richer sight
Than hills, tho' that be gran',
I see frae thee, in fields of grain,
That grace our lowlan' lan'.

In flocks an' herds upon the fields
On countless fertile farms—
O, Bennachie ! to leuk at them
My heavin' bosom warms !

Than cloud-capp'd hills, or folkless glens,
Whaur only deer may graze,
A fertile happy peop'l'd lan'
Is better worth our praise.

Auld Bennachie ! frae thy rude "pap"
With joy I now look down,
On want-defying stooks an' stacks ;
On castles, mills, an' touns ;

On happy hames a' here an' there ;
On reapers in the field ;
An' a' the signs of joy an' wealth
That fertile lan's do yield ;

An' as I leuk thy summit frae,
I see the "iron steed,"
To help mankin' and favour trade,
Pursue its course with speed ;

An' as it gallops ower the muirs,
The muirfowl scream wi' fear—
Hares tak' the hill wi' speed whaun they
Its skirlin' whistle hear.

Could "Andrew," on braw Fyvie's towers,
On's trumpet gie a blast,
I trow the "iron horse wad scare"
As he gaes snorting past ;

But Andrew winna be sae daft,
When he's been quiet sae lang,
As frae his trumpet blaw a blast
To ca' "black snortin' " vrang,
Tho' doubtless, he doth marvel sair
To hear the whistle's soun',
He'll think it's some queer trumpeter
Come frae some foreign toun.

O Bennachie, auld Bennachie,
What multifarious things
The stan'in on thy rocky tap
Into my fancy brings !

I see great hosts o' warlike men,
Their voices weel I hear,
I see their shields, their braid claymores,
An' mony a glittrin' spear.

Auld lairds, an' lords, an' chiefs I see,
An' men wi' lang beet hose,
An' monks, an' friars, auld an' grey,
Queen Mary, an' Montrose.

I see Queen Mary plant the thorn
That's noo a bloomin' tree—
There's nae an en' to seein' things
In thocht on Bennachie !

O Bennachie, lang may'st thou stan' !
An' may there yearly be
As bonny craps an' pleasant sights
As frae thy tap I see !

Adieu ! auld Bennachie, adieu !
 I noo maun leave thy croun,
 An' hie awa' as fast's I can—
 The mist is comin' down.

IMAGINARY LINES TO A HARE—A DREAM.

Ho, timid hare,
 Why thus so scare,
 An' rin sae sair
 An' fast awa' frae me ;
 I'd hae ye ken,
 I don't inten'
 To malapen
 The hares on Bennachie.
 I vow and swear
 I camna here,
 Wi' gun nor spear,
 Inten'in' you to kill.
 To view the ground,
 The hill around,
 Is why I'm found
 To-day upon the hill.
 Then, wherefore flee
 Awa' frae me
 An' Bennachie,
 Thou fleet but tim'rous hare !

Hadst thou lain quiet,
 An' na been fleyt,
 I aiblins might
 Frae thee hae got a scare
 On Bennachie.
 But fan I see
 You run frae me,
 It bids me bear in mind,
 That men should a'
 Aye kick the ba'
 O' care awa',
 An' try content to find ;
 An' never fear
 The storm that's near—
 For skies may clear,
 An' it dispell'd may be.
 Let's climb life's brae,
 Through weal or wae,
 Wi' heart as gay
 As I climb Bennachie.

LINES WRITTEN AT ARNDILLY.—SEPT. 1858.

SITTING on a boulder within thy floodmark, Spey,
Near friends, with whom to spend a day "in daffin and deray,"
Is pleasure that would compensate for many a day of toil;
Is pleasure that, when thought upon, will many an hour beguile,
And will bring visions to our view of scenes, rapt in the past,
To cheer our hearts, when unto them a glance is backward cast,
And make us think, as now, upon the darksome days of yore,
When plaided clans, led by their chiefs, with target and claymore,
Assembled on thy banks, and fought full many a deadly fray,
And with their blood the waters dyed, of thee, thou noble Spey.

Sitting on a boulder within thy floodmark, Spey,
Our thoughts, two hundred years and eight, are backwards led
away.

'Tis summer. Hark! each winsome bird trills merrily its tune,
And wantons in the sunbeams of the twenty-third of June;
See now a host of courtiers assemble on thy brink,
And with them men like parsons, bearing parchment, pen, and ink;
Among them—and the fairest—see King Charles Second stand,
And, as if vowing unto Heaven, he lifteth up his hand.
Behold! he humbly bends the knee, now dips a pen in ink,
Takes and subscribes "The Solemn League,"* fair Spey, upon thy
brink.

Sitting on a boulder within thy floodmark, Spey,
Gazing on thy water, as it winds its wimpled way,
Listening to the music of its gladsome dulcet song,
As o'er its rugged pebbly bed it lightly leaps along,
What dreamy thoughts will not occur? what visions not arise
Of deeds enacted on thy banks? They pass before our eyes,
As thought back to the dreamy past on fancy wings its way,
While sitting on a boulder within thy floodmark, Spey.

* The "Solemn League and Covenant" was again renewed in Scotland, taken and subscribed by King Charles II., at Spey, June 23, 1650, and by all ranks and people.

Sitting on a boulder within thy floodmark, Spey,
 While autumn's wind is telling us that summer is away,
 Or poring o'er the withered leaves that now are falling fast
 From off the trees that shade thy waves from winter's angry blast
 We retrospect our bygone days while we the future scan,
 And hope to see our yellow leaves—the hoary hairs of man;
 And then, like sere leaves, one by one, bid life adieu for aye—
 Man floateth down the stream of life like leaves upon the Spey.

TO THE GREAT COMET.—6TH OCTOBER 1858.

THE sun is down, the eye of day is closed, and night
 Unfolds the glories of the silent skies;
 And we, from dun Turlundie's highest rock-capp'd height,
 Behold thee, stranger, with admiring eyes.
 Unknown and undefined erratic orb, all hail!
 We know not whence thou art, nor whither bound,
 And, being finite, ne'er can know. Yet we thy tail—
 So nobly curved and luminous—and face so round
 And pale, though exquisitely bright, with joy behold;
 Nor strive to guess thy errand, nor inquire
 If thou'rt corporeal or gaseous, or if thou'rt cold,
 Or one huge mass of limpid liquid fire.
 Whate'er thou art, bright orb, to us it matters not;
 We hail thy presence, thou resplendent sphere!
 Of all the countless sparkling orbs the skies that dot,
 None are more bright than thee—thrice welcome here!
 Mysterious visitant of spheres to us unknown,
 We yet, when from this fragile shell set free,
 To brighter spheres than what to mortal eyes are shown,
 May be allowed to soar along with thee.

THE LAY OF A PAUPER.

I SEE ilka ratepayer's eye lookin' cauld

On all such as I, bent 'neath poverty's yoke;

For I'm a lone pauper, enfeebled and auld,

Who hath seen better days, but I bow to His stroke,

I ance was goodman of a weel stockit farm;

Had a wife whom I lo'ed, and who dearly lo'ed me;

Had plenty of siller, and wee pouts that charm,

And I was as happy as mortal could be.

My wife was as thrifty as thrifty could be;

But the poor from our door ne'er gaed hungry away;

And nane were mair loved by their neighbours than we,

For to they who sought favours we never said nay.

Our lassies grew women, our callants grew men,

And luck aye attenit our horses and kye;

But what's in the future nae mortal can ken—

The joys of to-day ere to-morrow may fly.

The sun may, at noon, on a sweet summer day,

Be shining effulgent in unclouded heaven,

And in less than an hour be obscured in each ray

By the clouds that with thunder and lightning are riven.

The sun may in unshrouded glory arise,

But set among clouds that are stormy and black;

The noon of life's day may have unclouded skies,

But the storm-cloud of dool on its gloamin' may brack.

A fever broke out at a neighbouring town:

The goodwife and goodman were the first who took ill;

The servants next took it, and syne it gaed roun',

And mony a grave with its victims did fill.

For a while it gaed by 's, but at last it drew near:

My Jean caught infection while waukin' Grace Horne;

It soon laid my bairns and Jean on their bier,

And left me alone, broken-hearted to mourn.

O sympathy! sympathy! balm to us a'

When the black clouds o' grief settle thick round our heart!

When the stroke of misfortune upon us does fa'
The sound of thy voice does a solace impart !
A sly thievish neighbour—he was nothing else—
Drappit in, 'bout a month after death took my a',
To mourn, as he said, o'er my pitiful case,
And tell me how fate held his back to the wa'.
We grat baith together : I showed him the hair
I had cut from the head o' ilk daughter and son ;
And the lock mix'd with grey, and the empty oak chair,
In which sat my Jean when our clothing she spun.
We grat baith together : he tauld me his case—
He had got deep in debt and had naething to pay't ;
His creditors gave him but ten days of grace,
And he said at the thocht of a jail he was fley'd.
He mourned o'er my case, and I much pitied him ;
I gave him my siller, stood good for the lave :
He lookit sae glad, and sae thankful did seem—
Ah, little wist I, I was aiding a knave !
His bills became due, and I got them to pay,
For he had decamped and couldna be found ;
And, to crown my misfortunes, things a gaed agley :
The plague killed my cattle, and monny ane's round.
My horses took ill, and my sheep took the rot ;
My servants were careless when I wasna there ;
But I struggled sair with my downcoming lot,
Expecting that soon I'd my fortunes repair.
I warsalt twa years in this downgaein' state,
But a failure almost were the crops of them baith ;
So I thocht 'twad be wrong to strive langer wi' Fate
In case I had brought ony neighbour to scaith.
I went to the factor and gave up my " tack,"
Sold off my dispenish, and paid a' my debt ;
And, tho' grief and my burden of years bent my back,
I sought by the spade a bit living to get :
In the neighbouring village I took a wee room,
For whaur could I gae but to village or town ?

Tho' crafts had been letting, my pockets were toom,
 And few seek to help him whose fortune doth frown.
 I wrought till for weakness I couldna work mair,
 And death didna come wi' an end to my grief;
 But 'twas only when want with its horrors did stare
 That I stoopit to supplicate "parish relief."
 I'm now call'd a pauper to double my woe!
 The thought sears my heart and brings tears to my een!
 Alas, that humanity must stoop so low!
 Alas! O alas! for the days I have seen!
 I've seen when fair Charity stretch'd forth her hand
 To assist the unfortunates—gently call'd poor;
 But surely it isna a "Christian land"
 Needs the locksmith of law to ope Charity's door?
 Humanity weeps as it owns with a sigh,
 The poor law, as now, never came from above:
 Alas! O alas! how degraded am I,
 My neighbours support me by law, not by love!
 That grim-visaged jailor, yclept the "poor law,"
 Shut auld-fashioned Charity up in a cave;
 And 'tis only when he doth the rusty bolts draw
 That she ventureth forth the want-stricken to save.
 What is wrench'd by the law is not charity—no!
 And we scarcely say thanks for the mite we receive!
 Independence of spirit is thus trampled low;
 This the poor rate, alas, has made out to achieve!
 My pittance is sma', but I never complain,
 For it wunna be lang I will need it I'm sure;
 The day is at hand when I'll meet with my ain
 Where there's nae tears of grief, and where nane can be poor.
 Soon the grave—where alike meet the low and the high—
 Will close o'er this auld sapless body of mine;
 But my soul, tho' a pauper's, will soar to the sky,
 Where redeem'd and Redeemer in glory do shine!

THE LESSON.

Speak kindly to paupers; a kind word doth cheer,
 And keen are their feelings altho' they are poor;

If in heaven we'll be brothers, why scorn them while here ?
 Speak kindly ; a kind word costs nothing I'm sure.
 O hurt not their feelings ! we know not the day
 We may be ranked 'mong them—of Adam we came ;
 To us as to them Fate as falsely may play :
 Speak kindly to paupers, deal gently with them.

THWARTED LOVE.

I'VE seen the trees budding when winter ceased thudding
 The hills and the valleys with fierce hailstone showers,
 And seen winter roaming in April, entombing
 In deep wreaths o' snaw a' the sweet April flowers.
 O'er sweethearts a-dying, I've seen young men crying,
 And seen them, neist day, wooing maids at the fair ;
 I've seen maids o' fifty-five sair for a husband strive,
 And nae till past eighty o' wedlock despair.

I ance saw a mannie, as auld as my grannie,
 Gae wud 'bout a lassie o' sweet seventeen ;
 Madly he lo'ed her, and fondly he woo'd her,
 And swore there was witch'ry in her blinkin' e'en.
 He grat as he tauld aye, how she lookit cauld aye,
 Fan he spak' o' wedlock an' bairnies sae gay ;
 She said he was doited, and sairly benighted,
 To think cauld November could mate with sweet May.

He said that she tauld him, the while as she scault him,
 He might weel hae kent age and youth ne'er agree ;
 In winter nae flowers spring, in winter nae birds sing—
 " Like winter to simmer, sae thou'd be to me."
 Though he nurs'd a blossom o' love in his bosom,
 It couldna bloom lang where the soil was sae cauld ;
 Love him she never could ; wed him she never would,
 For wha, young as she was, could wed ane sae auld ?

On Isobel thinking, he dived deep in drinking,
 To droon slighted love in fu' bumpers o' wine,
 But Love leuch at drooning, it aye keepit stooning,
 An' Bacchus gart Cupid leuk aye mair divine.
 Love brought him nae gladness; drink deepen'd his sadness,
 For Hope hid its face in a cloud o' Despair;
 An' the puir slighted carl, sair tired o' the warl',
 Gaed drunk to the greenwood, and hang'd himsel' there.

NEW PITSLIGO ON MORNING OF MISS FORBES'
 WEDDING DAY.

WITH many a prayer for weather fair
 We went last night to sleep,
 And to-day arose before the sun
 From's ocean bed 'gan peep;
 And well, I trow, had we been deaf,
 And not heard of't before,
 We would have known that here to-day,
 There was to be 'a splore;'
 For folk who are but seldom seen
 Too early out of bed,
 Were up at dawn uphoisting flags
 On pole and chimney head.
 And strolling through our joyful town
 To see the 'preparations,'
 We heard the wish of many a one,
 Wrote down their exclamations;
 Saw joy enthroned upon each brow,
 Heard blessings from each tongue;
 Of old and young this was the prayer,—
 "Health be profusely flung,

From this time henceforth on the pair
Who this day will be wed !
And in their path through life the flowers
Of happiness be spread !
May blessings on their parents' heads
Be copiously shower'd down,
As are the solar beams to-day,
Upon us and our town."

And as along the streets we stroll'd,
Viewing the "preparations ;"
We heard with joy the following
Shouts and ejaculations—
"Come, Brown and Morice,* call your men,
And let the cannon's roar
Awake the echoes of the morn,
And sound from shore to shore.
Yea ! let them from their iron throats
Proclaim with loudest voice,
That small and great on this estate
Right heartily rejoice!
That on no other's bridal day,
The cannon may speak louder,
O Leslie, man, for ony sake,
Let them not want for powder !"
"Come, Smith and Magnus Millenger, †
Ring forth a merry peal !
And let 'auld Lummie-clinkum-clink'
Be tripled on the 'squeel !'"

* Mr Brown and Mr Morice, merchants, were 'cannon committee'; Mr Leslie, a veteran artilleryman, had the charge of the management of the guns. The guns were planted on Turlundie hill, at whose base the village is built. Mr Leslie's son, William, was unfortunately killed by one of the guns going off while he was ramming home the charge of powder.

† Smith and Magnus Millenger were the men who rung the Church and Chapel bell. "Lummie-clinkum-clink" was a name given to the Parish School bell on account of its having been for a number of years rung at 6 A.M., 2.6, and 8 P.M. by a Wm. Lumsden.

" Ye ' Forbes Band,' tune up your horns !
 Auld ' Fife and Drum,' come forth !
 And ' Philharmonic,' let your sound
 Be heard o'er all the north !"
 " Ye farmers, join the villagers,
 And swell the long procession !
 Let's give unto our joy to-day
 A hearty full expression !
 For well love we ' Miss Forbes,'
 Lady Harriet, and Sir John,
 And to rejoice on her nuptial day
 Let one and all be prone !"
 " Record in ballads long to-day,
 Ye favour'd of the Muses,
 That our young lady's name will change
 From ' Forbes' to ' Trefusis !' "
 And let the merry toast go round,
 " O happy may they be !"
 And let all those who drink no drams
 Respond to it in tea !

AN ADDRESS TO THE WIND—APRIL 1, 1856.

GWEED life, Jock Win' ! what's rais'd thee, min,
 An' gart thee thus gae wud, an' rage,
 An' rair, an' ramp like drunk marine,
 Or lion broken through his cage ?
 Thou'rt tirrin' hooses, upreetin' trees,
 An' dingin' a' thing to a scutter ;
 O'erturnin' rucks like skeps o' bees ;—
 Thou'st laid me level in the gutter.
 In lythe o' dykes the corbies cower,
 An' fint ae bird ava can flee ;

The rabbits frae their holes may glower,
 But out they daurna come for thee.
 Sheep canna keep their feet ava—
 Upon their side thou garst them thud;
 For thee cocks canna stan' to crawl—
 Gweed life, Jock Win'! thou'rt fairly wud!
 Thou frae their caverns o' repose
 Hast roused the demons of the deep:
 Fierce and convulsive are the throes
 Of ocean when they're wak'd frae sleep!
 Sure a' hell's fiends o' grim despair
 Are noo careerin' on thy wings,
 Wi' Beelzebub, prince o' the air,
 Wha meikle ill to mankind brings.
 Unseen, mayhap wi' fiendish pride
 He views his wark an' hears thee stormin';—
 Again thou'st laid me on my side,
 An' blawn my bonnet over Mormon!
 We are short-sighted mortals, Jock;
 We dinna ken frae whence ye blaw
 Nor whaur ye gang; but there are folk
 Preten' to ken aboot it a':—
 They say thou gae'st to fill up holes—
 Vacuums that heat maks in the air;
 An' that, unceasin', 'tween the poles
 Thou'rt sichin' here, or howlin' there.
 It may be sae, we dinna ken,
 They canna prove what they hae tauld;
 But we are sure that thou, Jock Win',
 Than noo ne'er blew a blast mair bauld.

Atween thy flafs there's something wae,
 Richt like the wailing an' lament
 O' thae in youth wha went astray,
 In life's sad gloamin' sair repent.

There is a sadness 'tween thy howls
Brings to our mind wi' vivid force
The sad deep sighs o' wretched souls,
Wha, hopeless, gnaw wi' fell remorse.
As little music's in thy rair
As in her voice wha doth repine,
Because she can't raise sic a flare
O' grandeur as doth Mrs Shine.
This day as little joy's in thee
As in the breast o' selfish chiel
Fan's neighbour's mair admired than he
For being blithe an' doing weel.
As little music's in thy voice
As in the coofs' wha's always grumblin'
At fat sud mak "a man" rejoice—
Gweed luck unto a neighbour tumblin'.
But there is music in thy voice
Fan in thy breath spring's leaflets dance,
An' Flora's bairnies a' rejoice
As thou comest saftly o'er frae France.
And fan, in summer, low an' clear—
Like my Bathia's, saft an' sweet—
Among the leaves thy voice we hear,
The music of it is a treat;
And there is music sweet in thee
Fan thou amongst the yellow corn
Dost wanton saft and playfully
While it sings, "I fill plenty's horn;"
And in the cadence o' ilk lay
Whilk thou, amangst the blooming heather,
Dost sing on Scotland's purple braes,
In opening autumn's sunny weather,
There's music sweet; but thou this day
Nae cheering lay to us dost sing;
But in thy fearfu' wrath dost say,
"I'll level ilka standin' thing!"

We've heard thee mak an unco noise
 Fan thou wast blawin' winter's horn ;
 An' fear'd, we've heard thy angry voice
 In hairst fan thou wast shakin' corn ;
 But ne'er before in a' our life
 Hae we heard thee sae madly yowlin' ;—
 Gweed life, Jock Win' ! forego the strife ;
 Fauld in thy wings, an' cease thy howlin' !

A LAMENT FOR SCOTLAND—PUIR, DEGRADED, AND
SLIGHTED SCOTLAND.

O WAES me for thee, Scotland ! thy glory's dead an' rotten !
 Thy verra name o' Scotland, ere lang, will be forgotten !
 The Queen's ca'd " Queen of England," and nae o' Britain noo ;
 The Fleet, the " Fleet of England " ; the Tars are English too !
 The Army noo is English, nae British, as of yore,
 When Ireland's, England's, and thy sons, united, shed their gore
 In foreign lands, on bluidy fields, where deadly was the fight,
 As gallantly together ye upheld Great Britain's might.

See Scotland sittin' " greetin' ower her thrissel " broke in twa,
 A hunting park for Englishmen, wha took her name awa !
 They paint her noo in Pauper weeds, low sittin' in the dust,
 Her face a' blotch't wi' Drunkenness, her e'en brimfu' o' Lust,
 With Bastard weans around her, an' the devil at her back,
 Half lauchin', bendin' ower her ; while behind him stand a pack
 Of demons frae the dark abyss of dread, unfathom'd hell,
 Ready to bear the outcasts off, Despair's black ranks to swell.

O waes me for thee, Scotland ! there's nae hope for thee noo ;
 Thou'rt swallow'd up of England ; the bays that graced thy brow
 Are trampled under England's hoof ; thy back is at the wa',
 An' shortly e'en thy verra name will be clean cut awa' ;

An' thou, degraded Scotland ! the conquer'd an' the weak !
 Must noo submit to insult, nor dare to feel or speak !
 Thy Lion mustna dare to frown, nor glower with angry e'e,
 Tho' England half squeeze him to death, an' scoff an' sneer at thee !

O waes me for thee, Scotland ! thy name must be forgot !
 Thy a' thing maun be *English*, nor claim the name of Scot.
 Thy doom is seal'd, O Scotland ! cruldge down an' kiss the sod,
 Lament thy degradation ; exclaim thou, " Ichabod " !

The foregoing was written in May 1859, while my Scottish blood was up at Colonel Sykes, M.P. for Aberdeen, Lord Haddo, M.P. for the County, and others who, in their election speeches, ignored Scotland and Ireland, by always saying *England* when they should have said *Britain*.

THE ORPHAN LADDIE.

It is Spring, merry Spring, an' there's buds on ilk tree,
 An' the sunbeams are streamin' ower mountain an' lea ;
 The woods ring wi' song-birds, the lark rends the air ;
 The school is dismiss'd, and upon the green square
 The laddies are romping like lambs on a brae,
 An' the lassies sae mirky are a' at their play ;
 But I see ae bit laddie oot ower frae the lave ;
 Hoo sits he alane, an' hoo leuks he sae grave ?
 Hoo sighs he sae sair, an' glowers into the earth,
 An' joinsna the lave in their frolic an' mirth ?
 Is't because his feet bare are as when he was born ?
 Is he fley'd, bein' in rags, that the lave wad him scorn ?
 Hoo is he sae pale-faced ? his e'en, hoo sae blear'd ?
 Hoo sits he sae waelike, an' leuks as if fear'd,
 An' aye noo an' than dichtin' tears frae his e'en
 Wi' the sleeve o' his jacket, that ance white hath been ?
 He's a puir orphan laddie, whom Death's ruthless blow
 Has steep'd in the deepest, the warst kind o' woe.

That puir orphan laddie, richt dowie is he,
 An' nae glint o' joy nor o' hope lichts his e'e,
 For the dank gloomy grave hauds his relatives a',
 An' Hope speaks him nae words o' comfort ava.
 There's nane left to lo'e him an' for him provide,
 Nor in paths that are right his young footsteps to guide ;
 There's nane left to cheer him and dry up his tears—
 His springtime is clouded with sorrow an' fears.
 Nae brither nor sister has he got to share
 His grief, nor speak comfort to lichten his care;—
 To him wha will noo be a mither an' daddy?
 Wha noo will leuk after the puir Orphan Laddie?

He sees a' the laddies an' lassies at play,
 But he canna join wi' them—his heart is ower wae :
 Fan they speak o' the fine things their mithers will gie,
 He greets as he minds that nae mither has he.
 He greets as they show things they got frae their daddies—
 Ah! sad are the heartaches of puir orphan laddies!
 When scolded, puir thing, like an aspen he shakes,
 An' he sobs and he greets till his heart nearly breaks,
 An' the tears like a shower during thunder in June
 Gush forth at the dreaded an' heart-piercing soun'.
 For then he does mind that nae mither nor daddy
 Has he to pairt-tak-him—a puir Orphan Laddie!

Again he leuks grave an' glowers hard at the grun'—
 I marvel nae noo that he joinsna the fun,
 For e'en hearts young as his is, if brimfu' o' grief,
 Will, tho' mirth reign around them, in tears seek relief;
 Or hurry awa' to some place by themsel'
 Whaur, unnoticed, their sorrow in tears may outwell.

Ilk puir Orphan Laddie, O sad is his case!
 Let us pity his sorrow, and strive to efface
 The grief that but lone orphan laddies can know,
 Wha hae nane to speak kindly an' banish their woe.

A kind word will comfort, a smile bring them cheer,
But harsh words and frowns pierce their heart like a spear.

Do Thou who look'st down from the heavens on high,
Who seest all their tears, and dost hear every sigh,
Have pity upon them, their comforter be—
May they find a friend and a father in Thee.

AN ORPHAN'S DIRGE.

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTUMN WIND.

SING, sing, ye fitful autumn winds the dirge of summer dead,
And strew the leaves that yet remain to tell that summer's fled!
And make a cheerless doleful moan o'er fields where lately grain
In golden glory richly waved, and sung a gladsome strain.
But here be sad the requiem ye chant above the dead,
For here in death my mother sleeps—this is her lowly bed.

'Twas summer, and the lark sang clear, high in the sunny sky
That afternoon when I, alone, a child, beheld her die.
Ah! well I mind upon that day, and what to me she said,
As she upon her elbow leaned, sitting upon her bed!
And well I mind how she fell back upon her bed and sighed,
Upraised her hands, then looked at me, gave one faint sigh, and
died!

She died, and ere spring twice again had filled the land with joy
My father died, and I was left a friendless orphan boy.
'Twas heaven's will to call them hence, and I must not repine,
But rather learn to follow them while life and youth are mine;
But oh! since then what lonesome hours in grief I've had to pine!
Since then what blighted hopes, what cares and sorrows have been
mine!

And yet since then, tho' unkind words have dimmed my eyes with
tears,

I've met with many a friendly bark on the stormy sea of years.

But none save heaven aright can know the woes poor orphans feel,
And few, alas! too few, delight our wounded hearts to heal.
Till now I never saw this spot where she was lowly laid,
To mix again with mother earth among her kindred dead.
Sing, sing, ye fitful autumn winds, and strip the woodlands bare!
Those leaves ye strew upon this grave seem bidding me prepare.
And like those leaves, and like that rain that's gushing forth
 again,
My tears shall fall upon her grave—I may never see't again.

THE THREE SWEETEST WORDS TO ORPHANS.

THE three sweetest words that fall on my ear,
In the street or wherever I roam,
Although unspoken by me, to my heart ever dear,
Are Father, Mother, and Home.
A father and mother and home once were mine,
An' care paid no visits to me;
They are gone, and I grieve, but I do not repine—
Hope's smile in the future I see.

HUSBAND AND WIFE'S WISH.

MAY we pursue the heavenward way—
Unknown to guile, unknown to strife;
In love's strong bonds, until the day
That death makes us resign our life.
And when we leave this mortal stage,
Unseparated in our love,
O may our final heritage
Be 'mong the joyful hosts above!

EPILOGUE.

FOR THE CONCLUSION OF THE STRICHEN AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

CLOUDS after clouds across the sky flit fast ;
 Days after days, and months after months glide past ;
 Years after years in quick succession run—
 There's nothing permanent beneath the sun.
 The Earth and all its things must feel decay ;
 The very Sun himself will pass away.
 The past does to the unseen future lend
 Strong proof that ev'ry work of man will end :—
 Yea, this is truth which few will dare gainsay,
 The longest life seems only but a day,
 A checker'd day, in which man laughs and mourns,
 Is rich and poor, and loves and hates by turns !
Summa totalis of the longest life—
 A day of shade and sunshine, peace and strife !
 All things must end ; our Theatre, too, must end,
 With great events and " things that were," to blend
 In that dread gulph which holds the dreamy past,
 Yeleped Oblivion, where all at last—
 Sooner or later—forgetting and forgot—
 Will share Equality—the common lot
 Of high and low after Death's ruthless grasp
 Has snapp'd life's silver chord, and wrench'd each clasp
 That binds and fastens us to Mother Earth,
 And the mutations of her woes and mirth.

It is a fact, a grim one, known to all,
 That there are many under Poortith's thrall
 Who, in these days so fraught with sullen storm,
 Are *minus* food, or aught to keep them warm :—
 The very fowls of air with hunger pine,
 And many a one may say, " their lot is mine ! "

To, from amusement, succour such as need
 Was what we aimed at ; we have got our meed !—
 The “one thing needful” to fill Hunger’s jaws ;
 And on our efforts, your unbound applause.

To you, to all, to each indulgent friend
 Who did to us their patronage extend,
 And came to see us, lads of Strichen, don
 The “sock and buskin,” as in days bygone,
 We tender humble, heartfelt gratitude !
 We played for Charity—the cause is good ;
 If we have not performed as we should,
 Excuse us, please ; we did the best we could ;
 But had you all withheld your patronage,
 In vain would been our hour upon the stage !
 In vain been “Dominie’s” “Pro-di-gi-ouses,”
 Had he prodigious’d in empty houses !
 In vain had “Nicol Jarvie,” “Bold Rob Roy,”
 “Dougal,” and “Helen” (not the one of Troy),
 And all of us, perform’d our parts each night,
 Had there been none of you to see the sight !

Great heaven forbid that we should lift our tongue
 ’Gainst upright prayerful men ! Such would be wrong ;
 But there are men—such were, and such will be
 In times to come—who act the Pharisee,
 And unto those who die for lack of bread
 Say, “Brother, be thou clothed, and be thou fed,”
 But give not, as they ought, the wherewithal
 To feed and clothe whom they their brother call.
 Vile hypocrites ! alike by man condemned,
 And by the everlasting word condemned !

The “good Samaritan,” ye act his part ;
 Ye help the needy, and ye cheer their heart ;
 And, friends, for this, to you sincere and sure
 Will be the thanks and blessing of the Poor,

Who, through your kindness, soon will say Avaunt !
 To that lank-visaged ruthless monster, Want.
 To you the Amateurs again would render
 Their gratitude ; their warmest thanks they tender
 For your esteemed applause and patronage,
 Upon their well-meant efforts on the stage.
 Their final exit for a year they make—
 A fond farewell of stage and you they take.
 To-night, our labours on this stage are ended—
 The end is served for which they were intended.
 May all that's happy be entailed on you,
 Friends of the needy, in their need ! Adieu !

The plays performed at Strichen were, "Guy Mannering" and "Rob Roy"
 —the farces, "Cramond Brig" and "The Lottery Ticket." Above is as delivered,
 and as it appeared in "Banffshire Journal" of 20th March 1860.

EPITAPH ON A DUMMIE.

MIXING with dust here Marget Stephen
 In death's embrace lies cauld :
 She never spak', an' yet believ'd in
 Was ilka thing she tauld !
 To chiels an' dames frae far an' near
 She show'd events to come ;
 To her their future fate was clear :
 Marget was deaf an' dumb !
 Be't ken'd to wives whase lang tongues aye
 Their husbands' lugs are deavin',
 Their husbands a' will bless the day
 They sleep wi' Marget Stephen.
 If a' as inoffensive were
 As was poor Marget Stephen,
 The warl wad be by mony far
 A better place to live in.

* Margaret Stephen died at New Pitsligo on 19th Feb. 1860, aged 72.

A W I S H .

WHEN climbing up the joyful hill,
 The green hill of Prosperity,
 That I may never *meet* a friend,
 I pray with deep sincerity ;
 But if perchance I *meet* a friend,
 Heaven grant me *power* along with *will*
 To break his fall, and lend my arm
 That he again may climb that hill !

S O N G .

My ain dear lad was here yestreen,
 An' thus to me did say :
 " Dear Ann, I ha'e a langin' ta'en
 To see our weddin' day.
 " I've courted you these sax lang years—
 These sax lang years an' mair—
 An' yet ye hav'na dried my tears,
 Nor listen'd to my prayer.
 " I've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Spent mony a sleepless night,
 A' for your sake, fair Ann, an' yet
 I'm still a wifeless wight.
 " Youth's sunny days flee fast awa' ;
 Auld age will sune be here ;
 Mess John could mak ane o' us twa—
 Why nae while youth we wear?
 " I love you wi' the kind o' love
 That doesna sune decay—
 Why should I langer single rove ?
 Oh, Annie, name the day."

Tho' blushin' deep, I named the day—
 Demurrin' wouldna dee ;
 I couldna to his prayer say nay,
 For Johnnie 's dear to me.

It's nae sae easy gettin' wed
 As mony ane would think ;
 An' lasses surely should be glad
 Wha never got the blink.

There's Tam and Rob, they vow they lo'e,
 An' would mak' me their bride ;
 But wha kens gin they would prove true ?
 An' I ha'e Johnnie tried.

He socht me frae my cankert dad—
 My minnie ga'e consent ;
 An' be our fortune guid or bad,
 We'll try to be content ;

For we ha'e named the weddin' day,
 An' wha daur say it's vrang
 To wed upon the first o' May
 The lad I've lo'ed sae lang ?

A P R A Y E R .

SHOULD daring foes in war array draw nigh,
 As if to swallow up our native shore,
 Like frantic giant waves that lash Dumby,*
 When all the demons of the tempest roar,
 Grant Heaven that as the boldest waves recoil,
 Baffled, dismayed, and shatter'd by the shock,
 So may each foe that dares approach our isle
 Reel, shatter'd, backward from our armed rock.

* Dumby—a famous rock among the crags of Slains.

A WIDOW'S DEATHBED.

The laverock sung its evening song
 Before it went to rest,
 And the setting sun his glory flung
 On cloud and mountain crest,
 As Mary on her deathbed lay,
 Who patiently and long
 Had suffer'd sickness—fell decay—
 Although she was but young.
 Two bairns by her bedside stood,
 Their cheeks with tears were wet,
 For they'd heard nurse say their mother would
 That night "pay nature's debt."
 And because they saw Aunt Marget weep,
 They dreaded some ill drew near,
 And they could not, would not, go to sleep,
 Till their mother dried their tears.
 A mother's heart, O how it wrings
 To see her offspring weep!
 And she kissed them, and they smiled, poor things,
 And went cheerfully to sleep.
 "Alas!" she said, "I'm dying! To life I soon must bid adieu!
 Lay my bones where James's are lying; but, my bairns, who will
 look to you,
 And be to you a mother!
 Alas! I'm weak, and dizzy is this head that soon must mix with clay;
 Open the curtains, Lizzy, till I see the glorious close of day—
 I'll never see another!
 Adieu to life! I'm dying! To-night I'll be, dear James, with
 thee!
 On Faith and Hope I'm flying to the arms of Him who died for me,
 Where thou, my James, art dwelling.
 My head is sore and dizzy, and death's dimness settles on my eye;
 Bring me the bairns, Lizzy; I must kiss them yet before I die—
 Haste! life is quickly failing!"

The bairns were brought ; she kissed them,
 And her pale lips moved in prayer,
 That the Orphan's God would bless them,
 Would for ever for them care.
 Then her spirit winged its flight away
 To spotless realms above,
 Where the ransomed share Christ's endless day
 Of joy and peace and love.

ADVICE TO A' WHA WEAR THE KILT.—1856.

Saw ye ever the fishers o' Banff
 In the season when herrin' are rife ?
 Sic gapin' and glowerin' queer bodies,
 Saw I ne'er in what's past o' my life !
 If you e'er gae to Banff or Macduff,
 An' happen to visit their piers
 In the time o' the "gowd-makin' fishin',"
 Be seer it be trousers ye wear.
 For if there, "in the garb of old Gaul,"
 In the fresh herrin' time ye appear,
 Depend on't your kilt, plaid, and sporran,
 Will gar you feel something like queer.
 Ilk' rigwudy quean frae the farlin'
 Will keek oot her phiz an' guffa,
 An' cry, "Gweed, sic a keerious cratur,
 Wi' bare hips an' nae breeks ava !"
 I ance gaed to Banff wi' a carter,
 For slates to my Aunty's new house,
 Dress'd out in my kilt and my plaidy—
 But troth I came hame unco douce.

The mornin' was wild and tempestuous,
 The herrin' boats sairly were toss'd;
 The sea in its madness was yelling,
 An' mony a fine net was lost.

The women that mornin' rose early,
 To look for their freens on the sea;
 But to vary their weepin' and wailin',
 They took a gweed lauchie at me!

The slates were piled up by the thoosan',
 On the fend, the sea-dyke o' the pier;
 Up there I was cockit to count them,
 An' troth I mayhap lookit queer.

The spray o' the waves flaw aroun' me,
 My plaid flaffert sair in the blast;
 The fishers cried, "Tak' in a reef o't,
 Ere 't carry ye awa' like a mast."

Their women guffa'd at this jeerin',
 An' sang oot, "He ocht tul think shame
 Tul be, sic a mornin', barehippit
 An' breckless sae far frae his hame."

I met with an Inkerman hero
 One night, at a ball at Blachree,
 An' he said "I was ance at Macduff,
 An' the fishers play'd ditto to me."

Wi' anger at thus bein' lanted,
 My blood boil'd like tar in a flame;
 Troth, sirs, it was really provokin'
 To get sic a jeerin' frae them.

I thocht I should yoke an' skeandhu them,
 But that would, of course, been but buff,
 Unless I had sticket the whole o'
 The fishers o' Banff an' Macduff.

But I trow I will never forget
 How the ill-fashioned bodies did stare ;
 Troth, I'll be sair needin' to see them,
 Ere, kilted, I'll venture back there.

1859.

THE auld year is away, friends ; eventful fifty-nine
 Is number'd 'mong the years that were, is merg'd in auld langsyne,
 And will, than many former years, more firmly hold a place
 In memory, for great events in it did show their face :
 In Ireland, and in Scotland, too, revivals great have been,
 And wailings over sin such as we ne'er before have seen ;
 Prayer meetings ; laymen zealously proclaiming sacred truth,
 And exhorting all to *now* accept of heaven's proffer'd ruth ;
 Sluggish ministers, awakening, bestirr'd themselves, and led
 Their flocks to greener pastures than on what they lately fed.

Abroad, in Va,* America, where law does slavery cloak,
 John Brown was hanged for trying to free the slaves from slavery's
 yoke ;

And handed to his widow was—when from the rope cut down—
 “ With dignity and decency,” the body of John Brown !
 The Lion and the Eagle, at the great Celestial land,
 Were insulted, and repell'd with loss from China's muddy strand ;
 In Italy, tho' battles were for Freedom fought and won,
 True Liberty lies manacled, and seems right woe begone.

The year that's newly gone, friends,—gone never to come back—
 Was noted for big taties, and for scarcity of thack ;
 For thunder, and for lightning, and ruthless showers of hail,
 That was to grain, in many parts, both fan and lusty flail ;
 For shipwrecks and great loss of life ; for frosts, severe and keen ;

* Virginia.

For the "British Association's" splendid luck at Aberdeen ;
 For the "letter" of the craven four great sheep of Liverpool
 To the (by them) dreaded Emperor who over France does rule ;
 For "Borealis," far, far south—sure they had gone astray !—
 For drought, and heat, and pastures brown, and scarcity of hay ;
 And, friends, the year that's newly fled will long be borne in mind
 In the death of some illustrious ones, whose brow the bay entwined ;
 Entombed in snow were April's flowers, and parch'd were those of
 June ;

October brought us snow, and floods, and played a wintry tune ;
 The last year saw a great event, o'er which I'll aye rejoice—
 I met the "Devil" clothed in smiles in glorious "Paradise !"

The year that's newly gone, friends, to sleep with former years,
 Saw Britain's martial spirit shine in hosts of Volunteers !
 The heart of England trembled—was it not with groundless fear ?—
 When some noisy statesmen told her that foe Nap was drawing
 near,

But Scotia (the unconquer'd land that England does ignore)
 Owned no such dread, tho' she prepares—still dauntless as of yore—
 To guard herself, or, leagued with those beyond the Tweed who
 dwell,

Assist to keep Victoria's rights, and every foe repel !
 Our Volunteers—true patriots—will be a mighty shield
 To quench each foe 'gainst Britain that may dare the sword to
 wield.

Eventful Fifty-nine, adieu ! Friends, does the new-come year
 Find us true patriotic men ? If so, we volunteer !
 Does it find us devoid of guilt, hypocrisy, and greed—
 All will'd to do what's just and right, and helping those in need ?
 If so, our wish to all will be, from true hearts and sincere,
 "Long life, prosperity, and health, and many a blythe new year !"¹⁷

THE MUSIC I LOVE.

LINES IN REPLY TO A LADY WHO ENQUIRED WHAT SORT OF MUSIC
BROUGHT ME MOST DELIGHT.

Dost ask me, ma'm, what music brings the most delight to mè ?
It is the strains by Nature sung, for minstrel sweet is she,
And the silvery tones of thy sweet voice that ever bring me cheer,
Is the music which I love the best of all that greets my ear,
For it oft to my sad lonely heart such thrills o' joy hath sent
As ne'er was done by pipe or harp, or any instrument.

I love to hear the howling wind, the roaring of the seas,
The song of birds, the hum of bees, the groanings of the trees,
The frantic din of waterfalls, the brawling streamlet's rush,
As down the rugged mountain side it leaps with foaming gush.
There's music in the wintry blast—I love to hear its voice!
There's music in the summer breeze that makes my heart rejoice ;
There is hope-inspiring music when Spring her garland weaves ;
There's music sweet in Autumn brown among the faded leaves ;
And in the waving golden grain that saith to Hunger, " Flee !"
There is music—heavenly music—that brings pure delight to me.

The howling wind around my home, and 'mong the leafless trees ;
The fell, majestic, angry voice of tempest-maddened seas,
When waves on waves with fury dash and break upon the shore,
And the toiling, foaming cataract's fierce frantic deafening roar,
And the thunder clap that teacheth us that impotent are we,
Is Nature's lofty music—music much beloved by me.

There's music in the voice of Spring that makes my bosom swell,
When ev'ry warbler to its mate in song its love doth tell.
There's music in the two deep notes the cuckoo's throat gives out,
And in the croaking of the frogs, and lowing of the *nout* ;
In the *bikbirr* of the muirfowl, where the mountain mist rolls dun ;
In the whistle of the blackbird as it hails the rising sun ;
The bleat of sheep, the bull's deep bass, and collie's ringing bark,
Commingled with the crow's *caw-caw* and sweet strains of the lark ;
The mavis' song in leafy woods when Day hath closed its e'e,
And the landrail's lay among the fens is music sweet to me.

The jackdaw's voice above around Old Castle Fed'rate's walls—
 (Alas! no more they'll nurse their brood in Castle Federate's halls!
 A ruined heap now marks the spot where late it proudly stood,
 Unscath'd by Time, a monument of days of bloody feud)—
 The sighing wind among the leaves when Summer is in bloom,
 The love notes of the cushat in the forest's twilight gloom,
 The lintie's love song to its mate among the yellow whins,
 The whistle of the snipe that screws its flight above the fens,
 The lapwing's *peeswit* as it flies o'er moor or daisied lea,
 Is the music—Nature's music—that brings most delight to me.

HOLIDAY VERSES—A VISIT TO PARADISE—Aug. 1859.

HAIRST IS COME.

AIR—"The Miller o' Drone."

I SEE the reapers in the field, for hairst is come again,
 An' O, how sweet fa's on the ear their sang among the grain!
 I like to hear the sound of waves that lash our rock-girt shore,
 They are the type of liberty as Wallace was of yore;
 I like to hear the tars' ye-ho! I like the fact'ry's hum,
 But nae a sound doth please me like what saith "The hairst is come."

The hairst is come, the hairst is come,

An' sweet's the reaper's strain;

Let ilka heart rejoice and sing

"The hairst is here again."

The bonny yellow waving grain, our precious staff o' bread;
 Tak' it awa', an' whaur are we? amo' the famish'd dead!
 We wouldna hear ae soun' o' mirth, at noon, at nicht, nor morn,
 Nor hear the railway's whistle scream were it nae for the corn;
 The souters couldna mak' our sheen, nor sailors plough the main;
 Nor printer bodies print the news gin't wer'na for the grain.

That grain's the strength, the staff o' life,

Is evident an' plain;

Let ilka heart rejoice and sing

"The hairst is come again."

Ye fields o' bonny waving grain, I like to hear your sang ;
 It speaks o' meat to man and beast—to plenty doth belang.
 Lang may our ain dear fatherland frae famine be preserv'd ;
 An' may her sons to all that's great an' good be will'd an' nerv'd.
 May our beloved Victoria o'er us hae lang to reign,
 An' feel delighted as she views our crops o' gowden grain.

The hairst is come ; the blades are sharp ;
 And reapers mow the grain,
 An' we with thankfu' hearts will sing
 “The hairst is here again.”

The following lines were given impromptu as we went from “Monymusk House”
 to “Paradise” :—

IMPROMPTU LINES.

The bonny purple heather bloom,
 How sweetly it does smell !
 There's fouth of honey to the bee
 In ilka heather bell.

Among the woods of Monymusk,
 “In daffin an' deray,”
 With it our bonnets we will busk,
 An' sing like larks in May.

And now *en route* to Paradise—
 Our “right of way” there clear—
 We are a merry company,
 With the Devil in our rear !

And the following was written in Paradise, a truly lovely spot, near Monymusk. The grand *sanctum sanctorum* of “Paradise” is a circle of fifteen lovely beech trees, cool and shady, and hath a circle of seats for the comfort of visitors :

P A R A D I S E .

IN climbing up the misty hill, the dreary hill of life,
 We meet with many awkward things,
 And drink of many bitter springs ;
 We weep, we laugh, are gay or sad,
 On meeting dool or what makes glad ;

But though it is not always ours
 To find our pathway strewn with flowers,
 We sometimes drink at pleasure's springs,
 And meet, as now, what gladness brings,
 To make 's forget life's briars and thorns ; its care, and toil, and
 strife.

In travelling along the path—the rugged path of life,
 In many a curious place I've been—
 Each onward step shows some new scene.
 Stuck fast in "Lord Pitsligo's Cave,"
 I once near found a living grave ;
 I once was down in dark "Hell's Lum ;"
 But now to "Paradise" am come !
 But who is this ? By all that's civil,
 In "Paradise" I see the "Devil !"

And smiles becoming such a place upon his face are rife !

Of all the places I've been in, I ne'er was here before !
 O surely it is truly nice
 To be in leafy Paradise,
 In spirits far above their level !
 And there—how strange—to meet the Devil !
 And laugh, and sing, and dance with those
 Who are the opposite of foes ;
 But how could foe, or care, or vice,
 Be visitant of Paradise !

The very Devil lifts his voice, and doth the thought ignore.

Among the sweets of Paradise, how trinal blest the swain,
 Who clasps her to his throbbing breast,
 Whose eyes speak what tongue ne'er express'd !
 Among these pines, how sweet to rove,
 And breathe the tender tale of love !
 E'en here, to me, how sweet to stray
 With friends, and share their holiday !
 Ere I land at life's journey's end,
 A happier day I may not spend :

I may never with the Devil be in Paradise again.

I WUNNER FAT CAN AIL ME.

ASIDE the wood, there lives a lass,
 A fairer never leuk'd in glass ;
 That neater feet e'er trod the grass,
 I thankna he wha tells me !

She's kindly hearted, frank, an' free,
 An' eident as the honey bee ;
 But, sumhow, fan she leuks at me,
 I fin a *sumthing* ails me !

I e'en can gaze, an' nae leuk down,
 At ony lass in a' the toun ;
 But meet I her—I see my shoon !
 I kenna fat can ail me !

The reason why I can't express,
 For, tho' it beams wi' ilka grace,
 I canna leuk her in the face—
 I wunner fat can ail me !

Nae body need o' her think shame,
 But fan I hear folk name her name,
 I fin my face grow like a flame—
 I kenna fat can ail me !

I daurna name her name mysel',
 But fat's the cause I canna tell ;
 My lips are seal'd by sum strange spell—
 I wunner fat can ail me !

In sleep my e'elids never steek ;
 To say I'm ill a lie I'd speak ;
 I'm weal eneuch, an' yet I'm sick ;—
 I kenna fat can ail me !

On meetin' her I aye leuk queer,
 An' a' my haivins disappear ;
 I neither speak, nor see, nor hear—
 I wunner fat can ail me !

E'en in the Kirk—strange tho' it be—
 Frae her I canna keep my e'e;
 But fan she casts a glance at me,
 A strangeness does assail me.

I canna oonerstan't, in fack,
 I hide my face ahint some back,
 But aye a sidelans keek I tak'—
 I wunner fat can ail me!

On seein' her the other day
 Convoy'd by Sandy up the brae,
 I trew I felt! I ne'er felt sae;—
 I wunnert fat cud ail me!

I fan my bluid rush tul my head
 Wi' mair than telegraphic speed;
 I never fan my ire sae red—
 I kentna fat cud ail me.

On hearin' she was tul be wed,
 I wusht that I was streekit dead;
 The news o't laid me on my bed,
 The thocht o't nearly fell'd me

But fan I heard it wasna troo,
 My heart wi' joy lap till my mou';
 I lap the hicht o' Bisset's Feu—
 I wunner fat cud ailt me.

Her voice is music tul my ear,
 An' aye I'm glad fan she is near—
 A ook oonseen her seems a year,
 I kenna fat can ail me!

An' yet, it's strange, fan e'er we meet
 I grow as fyt's a weel-bleacht sheet;
 But fan we pairt, I'm like to greet;—
 I wunner fat can ail me!

There's sumthing awfu' vrang, I'm sure,
 I'm could an' fever'd in ae hour;
 The Doctor says he canna cure!
 He kensna fat can ail me.

I'll speer at Grannie, maybe she
 A practical advice will gie,
 An' may prescribe an herb for me—
 Will cure fatever ails me.

TO WINTER IN APRIL.

O WINTER, chilly Winter, thou are loth to lose thy grip!
 Why hast thou come on us again, Spring's tender flow'rs to nip?
 Why hast thou not thy sway resigned, retired within thy bowers,
 And given place to blithesome Spring that glads the earth with
 flowers;

That cheers our hearts with showers and flowers, and music sweet
 and clear?

O Winter! why still cling to earth? why thus still linger here?

As doth old man when Death is near, still hope and cling to life,
 Thou'rt clinging to thy icy throne, and hailstone showers are rife:
 As clings the miser to his hoard with fierce convulsive grasp,
 When round the bags a burglar his thievish arms doth clasp,
 Thou to the Earth, where Spring should rule, with icy grasp dost
 cling,

And thundereth in Boreal voice, "I'll not give place to Spring!"

Thou didst retire, and Spring came forth with all her mirthful
 throng;

Flowers rais'd their heads, and welcomed her, and air was fill'd
 with song

Of birds that piped in bosky glens, and laverocks in the sky,
 While man, along with earth and air, rejoiced that Spring drew
 nigh;

But valleys green, and on the hills where she her banquet spread,
Thou has revisited in wrath, and hast sad havoc made.

As comes "Mackenzie's" parting hour, that saith not "if you
please,"

But rudely terminates the mirth of Bacchus' devotees;
Like an unwelcome visitor, who calls and spoils the fun
Of a "social select party," ere its mirth has well begun,
Thou from thy Castle Frost has come to blight the lovely flowers
That lifted up their heads and smiled in April's sunny bowers.

Away, thou cheerless Winter, to thy northern icy home!
The season of thy reign is past; then wherefore dost thou roam
O'er Spring's domains in all thy pride, with all thy frigid train
Of hailstone showers, and frost that lays Spring's charms among
the slain?

Away! and let vivific Spring distend her flowery arms,
And fill the air with melody, and earth with April's charms.

Away! and let the air be filled with the violet's sweet perfume;
Away! and let the mavis' song be heard at twilight's gloom;
Away! and let the tender buds grow leaves upon the trees,
And let be heard among the flowers the hum of busy bees;
Away! and let again be heard the voice of balmy Spring,
That doth unto our drooping hearts such cheerful accents bring.

MAY MORNING.

How glorious Sol shines bright and warm,
Now joyfully and clear
The laverocks in the limpid sky
Sing "Farewell, winter drear."
And "Farewell, dreary winter's reign,"
And "Welcome, flowery spring,"
Are the sounds that great Aurora,
Are the songs the twilights bring,

Are the lays we hear at noontide,
Gushing clear from every spray,
Ringing through the balmy welkin,
From the dawn to close of day.

The moorfowl on the mountain side,
The plover in the fen,
With the swallow as it twitters
Round the highest homes of men ;
The magpie on the aged thorn,
The crows among the trees,
With the wood-dove in the thicket,
And the lapwing on the leas,
All in concert, grand and lofty,
Swell the anthem of the spring,
While the wings of gentle Zephyrus
Sweet floral odours bring.

Hark, the song of leaping waters,
Now from winter's yoke set free,
As they sparkle in the sunshine,
'Tis a lay, sweet Spring, of thee.
And the laughing dew-bespangled flowers,
Which thou to life hast brought,
Are eloquent in their acclaims,
Though silent as in thought.

Hark, the cuckoo ! summer cometh !
See the butterflies flaunt gay !
And the lambs on verdant hillocks,
See how jocundly they play !
Hear the bees, how blythe they're humming,
As they flit from flower to flower !
See the dew-drops gently falling,
At the stilly twilight hour !

O fecund Spring, thrice welcome thou,
With all thy varied cheer,

Thou bidst our doubts give place to hope,
 Our sorrows disappear.
 Conjoined with nature's canticle,
 In joyful songs of praise,
 From grateful hearts to nature's God,
 Let men their voices raise.

A U T U M N .

How diff'rent noo frae Spring,
 Fan the birds a' sweetly sing,
 An' lammies blythely sport on the braes !
 Then, a joy o' heart to hear
 Is ilk soun' that greets my ear,
 Fan Earth dons her flower-bespangled claes.

The corn rigs are bare,
 An' the birdies sing nae mair ;
 Nae hum o' joy is heard amon' the bees ;
 But in ilka gust sae cauld
 O' the wind that's whislin' bauld
 The leaves are fa'in' fast frae the trees.

Nae mair the fair parterre
 Fills wi' fragrance sweet the air,
 For the flowers hang their heads doun an' dee ;
 The droopin' deein' flowers,
 An' the leaves that fa' in showers
 Meet emblems are o' Life, and o' me.

May I aye bear in mind,
 Fan I hear the Autumn wind
 Sing the requiem o' Simmer that's awa,
 That a voice is in the wail
 O' the drear Autumnal gale,
 Says " To-morrow like a leaf ye may fa'."

In moralizing mood
 Stroll I through the groanin' wood,
 While sadly moans the drear autumn breeze ;
 A warning voice is there,
 That does solemnly declare,
 We will fa' as fa' the leaves frae the trees.

Stray we forth at chilly morn
 Through the fields, where late the corn
 To the breeze sung a sweet an' gleesome lay,
 A lesson we will meet
 In the stubbles 'neath our feet,
 Of the Reaper King whose hand nane can stay.

Young an' auld he does mow,
 He lays rich and poor low,
 And speersna are they ready for the grave ;
 Reaper Death, that's aye afield,
 Does his sickle featly wield,
 And nae shield hae we frae it that can save.

If in Jesus we hae faith,
 Licht will fa' the scythe o' Death,
 That but reaps what belongs tul the earth ;
 Nae terror Death will bring,
 When we know our Saviour King
 Waits tul welcome us where Love had its birth.

WILT THOU COME ?

AIR—"Annie Laurie."

THE whins are a' in bloom, love ;
 The laverock charms the sky ;
 The burnie in the den, love,
 To Care sings lullaby ;

And in the gowden sunbeams
 Richt gaily hums the bee ;
 O wilt thou, wilt thou come, love,
 And roam 'mong sweets with me ?
 The buds are growing leaves, love,
 Upon the branches a' ;
 They laugh an' dance wi' glee, love,
 For saftest zephyrs blaw.
 The violet scents the air,
 And the primrose blooms like thee,
 But if thou wiltna come, love,
 They'll bloom in vain for me !
 The cushat to its mate, love,
 In adoration coos ;
 Each chaffinch, thrush, an' blackbird,
 In song tells how it lo'es ;
 The lintie, too, sings here—
 Love fills each heart with glee ;
 O wilt thou, wilt thou come, love,
 And welcome Spring with me ?
 The sunny, laughin' sky, love,
 So like thy cheering smile,
 Is fu' o' love, is free o' clouds,
 As thou art free o' guile.
 The voice of fecund Spring,
 Like thine, tho' dear to me,
 Would sweeter seem if thou wert near—
 O wilt thou roam with me !

A P R A Y E R .

WHEN I forget, or cease to love,
 The land that gave me birth,
 May Fate to me unkindly prove,
 And give me woe for mirth.

WORDS TO "GHILLIE CALLUM."

Having never seen any but Gaelic words to this fine old air—now so popular, even in the most fashionable circles, the following, in Buchan Scotch, were written :

LASSIE, I lo'e thee, lassie ;
Will ye nae lo'e me, lassie ?
Can ye, will ye be, lassie,
 Bonny mine for aye, for aye ?
O sae happy then, lassie,
Wow sae happy, mair than happy ;
If thou wert but mine, lassie,
 Wow sae happy 's I wud be !

Kind, I trew, I'd be, lassie,
Mair than kind to thee, lassie ;
A' I hae I'd gie, lassie,
 Wert thou mine for aye, for aye.
Happy, happy, bonny lassie,
O sae happy, mair than happy,
Wert thou only mine, lassie,
 Wow sae happy 's I wud be !

I lo'e our native glens, lassie,
An' our hills and plains, lassie,
There fair Flora reigns, lassie,
 Fan the simmer ope's its e'e.
If thou wert wi' me there, lassie,
O sae happy ! wow sae happy !
Wert thou mine, an' there, lassie,
 Wow sae happy we wud be !

E P I T A P H .

[On a suicide, whose grave is in the "March ditch" that marks the bounds of New Pitsligo and Federate estates. The grave is within five minutes' walk of New Pitsligo, and is near a croft called Mary's Valley.]

DRINK is the deil—reader beware o't—

The tenant here had his ain share o't!

This is the hame o' John the sooter,

Who was a fearfu' drunken footer,

An' a' he won—the truth I state—

Was spent on drink: his drooth was great.

He heeded neither psalm nor sermon,

Nor sage advice frae Scot or German,

But aye drank fusky, gin, an' ale,

Tul ae day that he hang'd himsel'

Within the holy Parson's barn,

On whilk the Parson preacht a yarn

A mile in length,

An' braid as grannie's wob o' harn—

The same for strength.

Wi' outstretch'd han's,

The Parson said "In our kirkyard,

Whaur ithers be,

There shall not he!"

Sae John was made a little laird,

An' tenant free,

'Twixt twa lairds' lan's.

In death he sleeps this mound within—

His teels are round him:

Let thae wha ne'er commitit sin

Say "Deil confound him!"

The above Epitaph was written when a boy of 12 years old, herding my Aunt's cow, beside the suicide's grave.

E P I T A P H .

IN death here sleeps ane, Mary Clark,
 Who was a beauty—in the dark ;
 But they who saw her in broad day-light
 Broke not the house for her at night.
 Death might have taken one less fair,
 But none whom folk so well could spare.

E P I T A P H .

SWUPPERTER than the bow arm
 O' him wha plays a fiddle,
 Was she wha I commemorate ;—
 Her name was Elly Liddell.
 For quirky greed richt notable
 Was this camsterie wife,
 An' fint ae body shed a tear
 Fan Death took her frae life.
 Whare'er she's gane her tongue will gie
 The deafest lugs a clearin',
 If she's wi' Thrum, wi' railway speed
 (If paid) she'll rin his erran'.
 Nae beggar's blessin' e'er was hers ;
 Greed made her iron-hearted ;
 Her neebours a' said " Gweed be praised,"
 Fan she frae life departed.
 Till death aye swack, an' glib o' tongue,
 An' fearfu' avaricious ;
 If she's wi' Thrum she is at hame,
 For Elly was malicious.
 To say she dwals wi' Thrummie noo
 Nae sinner ocht tul ventur' ;
 But that she's there like a' sic ware
 Is *thocht* by a' wha kent her.

THE DYING YEAR.—DECEMBER 1858.

WITH leaflets green spring deck'd the trees,
And gem'd the earth with flowers ;
Brought songs of birds, and hum of bees,
And fructifying showers.
The humble snow-drop ope'd its eye,
And, smiling, welcom'd SPRING ;
The lark, to greet her, soar'd on high,
And joyfully did sing.
Spring reigned—as joyful was her reign
As potent was her sway—
And songs were heard on hill and plain
From dawn to close of day.
Her sceptre was the balmy breeze
That Winter swept away ;
Her voice the song of birds and bees ;
Her smile Sol's brightest ray ;
Her robes were green, of softest hues,
Trimm'd rich with April's flowers ;
Her tears the joyful gloamin' dews,
And April's laughing showers ;
Her face was fair as angel's face,
That never wore a frown,
And on her head she wore with grace
A glorious floral crown.

BUT SUMMER came, with all her sweets,
And sat on Nature's throne,
And revell'd through Spring's green retreats,
And claimed them as her own.
She was so like, such joys did bring,
And did so much rejoice,
We'd scarce have known she was not Spring
Had it not been her voice.
But, ah ! though fair her smiling face,
And gorgeous her attire,

Her song had not that gush and grace
We did in Spring's admire.
Though Summer brought the rarest flowers,
And put the corn in ear,
We sigh'd that Spring had left the bowers
That were to all so dear ;
For Summer's face soon waxed old,
And fewer grew her songs,
And heat and drought on her laid hold,
And wrought her many wrongs.
The leaves looked sickly on each stem,
The flowers hung down their head ;
For rain sighed every flow'ret gem,
And every thirsty blade.
Each purling stream that Spring set free
From Winter's icy hand,
And that, since then, had leap'd with glee
And laved a verdant strand,
Was so dried up that every stone
O'er which it sweetly sung
Held up its head right woe-begone,
And showed its parched tongue ;
And Summer bowed her aged head,
And o'er mute Nature sighed,
Then round her tightly wrapt her plaid,
Leapt from her throne, and died.
And mellow AUTUMN sallied forth
On summer's plains to dwell ;
The yellow grain sung of her worth,
And every tongue cried hail !
The heather purpled on each hill,
The trees groaned 'neath their fruit,
And there was joy in every rill
Among the leaping trout.
And Sol rejoiced to cheer our hearts,
And plenty's horn did fill ;

The moon all night gave forth her light,
Though creeping 'mong the hills,
Afield we heard the reapers' voice
From morn to eventide,
And "Want"—he had no other choice—
Committed suicide!
The sound of many a deadly shot
Fell on our listening ear,
And summer was by us forgot,
The autumn brought such cheer.
But ah! when fields of grain were mown,
And gather'd in the store,
We found her happy smile had gone—
She never wore it more;
For she began to sigh and sing
A dirge o'er verdure's bier,
And bade the wind spread out its wings,
And howl or whistle drear.
And fast the leaves fell from their tree;
By frost each flower was slain;
And streams ran foaming to the sea,
For heavy fell the rain
When Autumn closed its weary eyes,
And slept the long long sleep;
Now o'er her tomb hoarse Boreas cries,
And WINTER there doth weep.
Through woods we now no longer stray,
Nor scale the mountain dun;
E'en Robin scarce can trill his lay
In face of noontide sun;
For now grim chilly winter reigns,
And dreary are the nights;
No song-bird now pours forth its strains,
No flow'rets bring delights.
But hath not Gaffer Winter charms?
Doth he bring nought to cheer?

Brings he no good things in his arms
 To glad the waning year ?
 O yes ! he leads blithe Christmas forth,
 With all its jovial things ;
 He lays the old year on its bier,
 But he the new one brings !
 He robes the earth in white attire—
 Our hills have got their bonnets—
 And to behold him in his ire
 Is something grand—for sonnets !

THE MORAL.

We hear the wintry tempest rave ;
 We saw the summer flowers ;
 The good old year bends o'er its grave—
 Are we prepared for ours ?

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE past contains the old year now ;
 The new year throws its line,
 And great events sit on its brow—
 All hail, thou Fifty-nine !
 All hail, thou gentle new-born year !
 We know not what thou'lt bring us ;
 But we will hope the best of cheer
 And peace thou'lt freely fling us.
 We'll hope all ills will from us fly,
 Or that perchance we'll cheat them ;
 It's time enough to bid "good bye"
 To *Hornie* when we meet him.
 I wish you all a good new year,
 And many a blithe return ;
 Galore of health and world's gear—
 With little cause to mourn.

May tradesmen all, and farmers all,
Obtain their dearest wish ;
And may the fishers—great and small—
Get *heavy takes* of fish.
May parsons all let rest the Pope,
And fight the popes at home,
For there are sins with which to cope
Lies nearer's all than Rome.
May surgeons of the art to heal
Receive a double share o't,
And as it is for mankind's weal,
May they 'take double care o't ;
But may you never stand in need
Of lance, or pill, or potion,
Nor get your entrails worn like thread
With powders or decoction.
And of your sweet refreshing sleep,
May toothache never twin you ;
And may you ne'er be such a sheep
As let a sharper " skin " you.
May black misfortune break her neck,
Should she attempt to near you ;
And may you never meet neglect
From those you need to cheer you.
And should your heart at times be down—
As who is always gay ?
May never wife nor sweetheart's frown
Add to your sad dismay ;
But may those dears do all they can
Your downcast hearts to cheer—
Again I wish you—every one—
A happy, blithe new year.

SHE'S DEAR TO ME.

She's dear to me as is the rain unto the thirsty ground ;
 She's dear to me as rest to him with toil that's bowed down ;
 She's dear to me as morning's light to those who watchers be—
 Yea, as the life-sustaining air, so is she dear to me.

She's dear to me as is a calm after a tempest fell
 Unto the wearied mariner when rent is every sail ;
 As comfort to the breaking heart that dries the tearful e'e,
 As health unto the sickly ones, so is she dear to me.

She's dear by all the ties that bind two hearts to one another ;
 To me she's dearer far than e'er was sister unto brother ;
 She's all my Hope, my heart's great Joy ; she's guileless, frank,
 and free ;
 She's all that's mine in this fair world—she's dear as life to me !

I M P R O M P T U

ON A LADY'S BEING LIFTED SEVEN FEET FROM TERRA FIRMA
 DURING THE HURRICANE OF 3D OCT. 1860.

To peer below her crinoline
 Æolus took delight,
 But finding that she was divine—
 A cherub dress'd in white,
 "The Earth," he said, "is not a place
 For angels such as you ;
 A higher sphere your form will grace,"
 And up with her he flew !
 Her lover heard Æolus' voice
 With pleasure and with pain,
 But grudgin' heaven so fair a prize,
 He pull'd her down again.
 "Thanks, thanks !" she said, in accents soft,
 "I thought I was divine,
 But never dream'd I'd go aloft
 Through wearing crinoline !"

ODE TO THE CLOUDS.

FAIR be yer fa',
 Ye darksome, lichtsome, gowden-tinted vapour,
 That ower the sky in shapes fantastic glide,
 In Æolus' van ;
 Dimming the sun an' moon, an' ilka taper
 That glints throughoot the nicht in silvery pride,
 Ower sea an' lan' !

I like ye a',
 Ye ever shifting, ever drifting,
 Aye a changing shape, an' ranging
 Onward, onward, onward, onward ;
 Noo distending, noo descending,
 Kissing hills, an' syne upliftin',
 Noo apart an' noo embracing,
 Noo ilk ither fleetly chasing,
 Noo cominglin' a' thegeather,
 Shaking han's an' kissin' ither—

Fair be yer fa' !
 Bonny are ye in the gloaming,
 Fan the win' has ceased to blow ;
 Bonny are ye at the dawin',
 Fan the Sun his face doth show ;
 Bonny are ye in the mornin',
 Bonny are ye a' at nicht ;
 Then fringed wi' Sol's risin' glory,
 Noo tinged wi' his settin' licht ;
 Whyles majestic'lly reposin'
 On the bosom o' the sky,
 Heark'nin' laverocks in the sunset
 Sing drowsy Day a lullaby ;
 Noo, in fleecy streaks, reclining
 On the placid sleepin' air ;

Noo like mountains piled on mountains,
 Fan their winter cloaks they wear ;
 Whyles ae sheet ower a' the welkin,
 Leavin' nae ae spot o' blue,
 Mugin' down in gentle drappies
 Ambrosial vivifyin' dew ;
 Whyles we canna see yer likeness,
 Tho' we a' the welkin scan,
 Save it be in ae bit speckie
 "Little bigger than a han' ;"
 I speerna, carena, whaur yer gaein' ;
 Neither speer I whence ye came ;
 Whyles the earth, the air, the ocean,
 Or my plaidie, is yer hame.

We see ye aft
 In Simmer's prime in heavy masses hinging,
 Lowering an' black,
 As if December's mirkest nicht was clinging
 Fast to yer back ;
 An' syne we see ye in convulsions fell,
 Syne comes the flash,
 An' syne, wi' dirlin' deafenin', awe-inspirin' knell,
 Peals forth the crash—
 At whilk, mute an' astonished-like ye glower,
 An' winds are hush ;
 Ye weep, an' syne pit-patter fa's the shower,
 Wi' swackin' gush,
 Cheerin' the thirsty earth, an' gladdening ilk flower.
 In Winter snell
 We see ye a' majestic'lly careerin',
 Proudly, wi' haughty mien, scuddin' awa'
 Astride the storm
 That trees up by the reet is fiercely tearin',
 An' lauchin' to see ye thrash the earth wi' snaw—
 Grim then's yer form !

An' yet I lo'e
 To see ye a' shower down the snaw,
 In whirlin' flakes or hailstones big,
 Rattlin', an' prattlin', an' battlin',
 Jumping, an' bumping, and thumping,
 Wi' Hybernal chilling din—
 Like to knock folk's windows in,
 And frae our noses peel the skin,
 Or thud them blue!

Heaven's curtains fair!

We see ye noo a' floatin' there,
 On the balmy Simmer air;
 But ae hour hence, an' ye are—where?
 Awa', or changed in form an' face;
 Awa', or ithers fill yer place!
 Ye are nae image o' Eternity,
 But ye a likeness are o' Time an' Man:
 Like Time, ye flit, an' that as silently
 As came the daylight, or as nicht began;
 Like Man, different in colour and in look—
 Tho', like him, of the same material a'.
 Noo gay, noo frooning like a sulky cook;
 Noo greetin' till yer tears in torrents fa'.
 Amphibious, like man on life's rough sea,
 And fickle as is fortune, tho' ye be,
 I love to sit aside a ripplin' stream—
 As now, fan settin' is the gowden sun—
 An' gaze at you, an' feast on fancy's dream,
 Or muse on life's short race that's quickly run!
 Ye lovely drapery of the azure sky,
 In a' its restlessness an' change life is like you!
 In its brief hour we meet, we laugh, we part, we sigh,
 We toil, we weep, we love, unite, an' syne?—Adieu!

A COLLOQUY WI' THE DEIL.

AE nicht at Yule as I cam hame
 Frae courtin' 'at a lo'esome dame—
 A blithe, kind-hearted, lovely creature
 As e'er cam frae the hand o' Nature;
 Wi' e'en than which nae stars are brighter,
 An' silken skin than milk that's whiter,
 An' cheeks which but the new-blown rose
 Alone can such a hue disclose,
 An' whose sweet tones are Spring's blythe voice
 Fan Love and Nature baith rejoice—
 Fan I was in a lonely howe
 Where broom, an' whins, an' rashes grow,
 An' ae auld tree bends ower the stream,
 An' maks the place mair eerie seem,
 I met a man—to me a stranger,
 Tho' he ower earth had been a ranger
 Since Eve was young; but what o' that?
 He seem'd a man, an' wore a hat!
 The cut, or colour o' his claes—
 If they were brown or black as slaes
 In tak' my life I cudna tell—
 Suppose their cut an' hue yersel—
 An' a' I ken aboot his face
 Is jist that it was like his dress:
 I sawna was it blythe or bauld
 Or grewsome grim, or young or auld.
 His hicht was neither tall nor short,
 But jist aboot the middle sort.
 Ere I eud guess fa' he might be,
 He redd his throat an' said to me:
 "When from Love's haven homeward bound—
 A voyage on which thou'rt often found—
 Did e'er thou see a better night,
 Tho' moon and stars withhold their light?"

“Stranger,” says I, “the nicht, indeed,
To be at Yule, is wond’rous gweed;
As for the roads, we sanna reeze them
Till some ane frae their mud release them;
But at this season o’ the year
The roads o’ dubs are seldom clear.”
“Mortal,” says he, “that’s very true;
Cold Winter wears not Summer’s hue;
And, as I find you frank and civil,
I now will tell you, I’m The Devil!
Be not afraid, I will not harm you,
I will not fear, nor will I charm you.
Tho’ Dutch is what I most respect,
I e’en can speak your dialect,
Or any language—pure or broken—
That’s by my loyal subjects spoken.
I dinna mean tul say that ye
Are aye a servant leal tul me;
But aften, fan ye dinna think it,
I hae ye in my service minkit;
An’ aye fan ye are in my power
I div employ the sunny hour,
Fillin’ yer heart wi’ fat is mine,
That ye my brightest lamp may shine.
This nicht, howe’er, I dinna mean
Tul count you as my truest freen;
But as I had sum news tul tell ye,
I thocht that I nicht jist avail me
O’ this dread hour an’ lonely place,
Whaur freely I nicht my mind express.
Dinna be fley’t! I sanna tease ye,
Nor aff tul my head-quarters heeze ye.
But your attention I’ll expeck,
Fan speakin’ your Buchan dialect.
Tak’ ye that bush; I’ll tak’ this ither—
Sit down: lat’s hae a crack thegither.”

Thinks I, Auld Nick, I halfins doot ye,
It's hardly safe tul crack wi' Clottie!
Howe'er, as ye seem quite pacific,
An' as I hae a gran' specific
For a' yer wiles, I'se jist sit down,
An' hear the news o' your great town.
Sae down I sat upon a bush,
According tul his Nickship's wush.
I sat atween him an' the win',
In case a chokin' smell I'd fin',
An' took gweed care, as a' man sud,
Tul sit as far frae him's I cud.
On bush o' broom the piece baith seated—
Sax feet or so apart if meted—
He then right seriously began
Telling his tale; an' said: "Young man,
Ballrooms are pairts I like to ca' at,
For balls are fat gey hantls fa' at;
An' I gaed twice tul leuk for evil
At New Pitsligo's Yule Festeeval,
But there I fan a' greed sae weel,
An' were sae happy a' thegether,
I saw nae fitten for the deil;—
I curs'd my sel' for gaein thither.
They were sae cheery, harmless a',
Nae job was there for Nick ava!
Enraged I flew frae it an' sware
That I wud visit it nae mair;
This nicht again I vow, I swear
By Jamie Blaik, my freen sae dear,
That there sal I nae mair be seen,
Leukin' for servants an' get nane,
Unless the lads—like stupid asses—
Get drunk and fecht aboot their lasses,
Or otherways my servants prove
By doin' what I dearly love;

But I, wi' pride, atten' soirees,
 Where pulpiteers kick up great sprees
 Wi' strife-creatin' lang harangues,
 That but to me an' mine belang,
 For siclike yarns that breed contention
 Are a', young man, o' my invention;
 An' could ye blame me—na, ye cudna,
 At least if ye had sense ye wadna—
 For bein' present at thae meetin's,
 Where my freens gie my faes sic beatin's?
 I truly div like thae soirees,
 An' evermair will gie them reeze!
 At ane a twathree nichts ago,
 Where parsons five were in a row,
 I was wi' ane delighted quite:
 He did sae fume, an' stamp, an' flyte,
 An' rant, an' rage, an' ramp, an' carp
 At William Webster and John Sharp
 For nae bein' there at that soiree
 Tul grace the bench, an' growl like he!
 He said—an' did the ire provoke,
 An' brocht forth curses frae their flock—
 That in 'Improvement's' onward way
 Twa muckle *obstacles* were they,
 Jist 'cas they chanc'dna tul be there:
 Than sic nae sayin's please me mair!
 For sayin's that gar folk curse an' ban
 Are what I like and laud, young man."
 Here hornie paus'd an' teuk his breath,
 An' syne—beginnin' wi' an aith—
 Gae me a lang accoont o' hell—
 A hist'ry that I daurna tell;
 For nae unfauldin't ye'll excuse me,
 It weel micht fleg but nae amuse ye;
 But I may tell ye that he said
 He likeit ilka lad an' maid,

Husban' an' wife, bridegreem an' bride,
Wha hedge themsel' wi' empty pride;
An' wha tul orphans harshly speak,
An' peel the skin aff Poortith's cheek;
An' a' wha lie an' practise greed,
Or turn their back to thae in need.
He likewise said he likeit a'
Wha cheat, blaspheme, or brack the law
That in the Scriptur is laid down
As guide for a' aneath the moon.
He said "I hate ilk patriot,
An' mairsae if he be a Scot,
For here in blasted Caledon
The folk are noo sae holy grown,
An' a' sae fond o' keepin' Sunday—
An' bein' gweedly, e'en on Monday—
That—curse me mair—if I can get
In a' its boun's, in kirk or State,
A place whaur I can pop my nose in,
But fat I'm seer tul get a dose in—
A dose that gies me sic a purgin'
As gars me flee to lan' o' Spurgeon,
Hatin' ilk Scottish patriot mair,
An' glad that patriot Scots are rare,
Especially amo' the great,
Whase word is heard in things o' State;
But if they ance were rarer grown,
Scotlan' is England's and my own,
For lan's that scarce a patriot hae
Are surely, if slowly, mine some day.
I e'en may tell you wha's tul blame
That Scotia's tint baith name an' fame,
An' hoo there's nae Great Britain noo:
It's jist becas"—but lo! a crew
O' bleezin' demons fast did sally
Adoun the howe past Mary's valley,

An' Satan spakna ae word mair,
But in a lowe, an' wi' a rair
That beat the loudest crack o' thunner,
Flaw up the howe ! I, tint in wunner,
Did sain mysel' ; syne amaist fantit,
An' like a frichent hare I pantit ;
The win' gat up wi' awfu' blewder—
I tint my bonnet in the howder—
Wilder I never heard it rave,
An' lo ! aroon the Sooter's grave—
The verra thocht o't gars me tremble—
I saw the deevils a' assemble,
An' dance, as sure as I'm a sinner,
A French quadrille wi' eerie binner,
Hoochin' tul Leeche's woods rebounded,
An' air an earth the din resounded.
Their minstrel was a demon sturdy,
He play'd wi' virr a hurdy-gurdy.
I homeward hied wi' a' my micht—
I ne'er before saw sic a sicht !
I hardly fan my feet aneath me,
An' glow'rin' roun' lest deils sud scaith me,
I aften, wi' an awfu' dird
That near han' fell'd me, kiss'd the yird.
As hame I hied in eerie plight,
Frae ilka howe I saw the light,
Frae ilka knowe I saw the dance,
Fan fear allow'd a sidelans glance ;
An' aye the ither hooch an' yell
Cam on my lug wi' stunnin' knell,
An' aye the hurdy-gurdy's din
Cam surgin' on the madden'd win'—
Cam surgin' on abeen ilk hooch,
That did proclaim them dancers teuch !
I trew I ne'er saw sic a sicht !
I trew I ne'er gat sic a fricht !

That I may ne'er get sic anither—
 That I wi' Nic nae mair forgether—
 An' that sic dance I ne'er may see,
 An' frae sic minstrel—Fate keep me !

A P R O G N O S T I C A T I O N.

FAN ye in Autumn see the leaves withstan' November's blinter,
 An' sweer tul leave their parent tree, expect a stormy Winter.
 I noticed it in "fifty-nine," and marvell'd sair tul see,
 In cauld November's ruthless blasts, the leaves nae left their tree.
 I spak' o' it tul wise auld folk, wha frae experience fell,
 Pronounced it an unfailin' sign o' a Winter awfu' snell ;
 And that it was a Winter snell, there's nane wha saw't will doot —
 That nane e'er saw a sneller is a fact beyon' dispute.

P A R O D Y

WHISPERED, IMPROMPTU, IN THE EAR OF A FRIEND, WHILST AT A SOIREE
 WHERE THE SEXES WERE SEPARATED ON ENTERING THE CHURCH.

WHA can the speeches think upon,
 Wha patiently can hear them,
 Or wha feel glad when thus alone,
 An' nae a lassie near him ?
 He can but sadness think upon ;
 The spouts how could he hear them,
 When sittin' at soirees alone
 Wi' fint ae lass to cheer him !
 From spouts, however good they be,
 To profit I defy him,
 Wha's doom'd to sit, as now sit we,
 And Jean nae seated by him !

STATE OF THE WEATHER WHEN 1860 WAS BORN.

Our village seem'd sleeping,
 As in darkness were weeping
 The clouds that shut out moon and stars from our view,
 And the wind round our dwelling
 Was scarcely heard wailing,
 When the village clock thunder'd the old year's adieu.

Starless and moonless were the skies,
 And the clouds in sorrow wept,
 When on time the new year oped its eyes,
 And the old 'mong past years slept.
 The old year died as a good man dies,
 When run his eventful race;
 And its mourners were the tearful skies;
 Till daylight showed its face.

CENTENARY OF BURNS.

DEAR SCOTIA!—his native land,
 Around whose hills fell tempests war
 When Boreas stretcheth forth his hand,
 And with hibernal voice does roar :—
 Land of his birth—land of the free—
 As to the pole the needle turns,
 Each heart to-day that thinks of thee,
 Thinks of thy poet, Robert Burns!
 Land of the heath and waving pine,
 'Twas he that waked thy sweetest lyre!
 And sung the praise of thee and thine
 With genuine poetic fire!
 Land of the mountain and the lake,
 Where foaming linns sing wild and free!
 All nations laud thee for his sake,
 Whose thrilling harp was strung for thee.

His was the heart that lov'd thy hills,
 Thy verdant vales and daisy white,
 Thy rivers, waterfalls, and rills—
 To sing of them was his delight.
 Each Scottish heart, where'er it be,
 Sees Scotland's woods, and hills, and plains,
 And shady nooks, where lovers meet,
 And river sides, in his sweet strains.

The "Book of Nature" had for him
 Such charms as brought him pure delight ;
 He read it by the moon's pale beam,
 He read it in the murky night ;
 He read it, Aurora fair, whilst thou
 Didst drive night's darkness west away ;
 He read it as he held the plough,
 And at the balmy close of day.
 The bard of nature, gifted great,
 Of lands of song made Scotland Queen ;
 And she no cause hath to regret
 That she no greater bard hath seen.

O ! Liberty ! sweet Liberty !
 For which our noble fathers bled !
 The strains that he has sung of thee
 Would rouse thee even 'mong the dead !
 His were the hands that wak'd the lyre
 To Liberty's ennobling strain !
 And "Scots wha hae" will aye inspire
 Our soldiers on the battle plain.
 His lays sustain our dauntless brave
 Where'er they meet their country's foes ;
 And "Wha wad fill a coward's grave !"
 Resounds above their conquering blows !

His was a manly, noble heart,
 Full fraught with Charity for all,

Though he caused hypocrites to smart
 When his satire did on them fall.
 To vile hypocrisy unmask,
 And show it as it is—deformed ;—
 This needful and important task
 His wild satiric muse performed !
 He hated arrogance and pride,
 But noble independence taught ;
 The soulless great he did deride,
 And counted boastful rank but naught.
 He hated selfishness and greed,
 But manly “ sense and worth ” admired ;
 The upright man’s a man indeed,
 Although in beggar’s weeds attired !
 Had he no faults ? We own he had ;
 But those may at him cast the stone
 Who have themselves no faults as bad,
 Who never once astray have gone.
 Of faults and failings none are free,
 For all are good and bad by turns ;
 And mute each Scottish tongue should be
 Upon the faults of Robert Burns.

H O M E .

CAN the place be called Home in which Love does not dwell,
 And where none strive our sad hearts to cheer ;
 Where none weep with us when dire Fate makes us wail,
 Or rejoice when its dark sky grows clear ?
 No. Home’s where our deepest affections repose
 With the friends we on earth most adore ;
 Where reside those to whom we can freely disclose
 And unburden each thought of our core.

Home is where loving friends with our ills sympathise
 And endeavour our cares to remove,
 And make each dark recess of our bosom rejoice
 In the sunshine and smile of their love.

Home is where dwell the few who our faults try to hide,
 And rejoice with us when we are gay ;
 Home is where Love implants a desire to reside
 And, content, spend Life's mutable day.

UNCLE JOHN'S FIDDLE.

AIR—' *The Deuks dang ower my Daddy,* ' or anything that suits.

DID you ne'er see my uncle—my old Uncle John,
 The greatest musician that ever was known,
 The wisest and drollest of hearty old men ?
 Well, the like of my uncle you never did ken !
 But my old uncle died in the year fifty-three,
 And he left what is better than thousands to me,
 For he left me his fiddle, that's matchless in tone—
 See ! this was the fiddle of my Uncle John !
 Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum-diddle—
 Handel nor Weber had ne'er such a fiddle !

My old uncle played with such *gusto* and grace,
 His *fortissimo* notes to the skies you could trace !
 There is nought to compare to his *shake* or his *trill*—
 They were beautiful—sweet like the *birr* of a mill.
 My uncle each fiddler, from west unto east,
 From north unto south, he entirely did *baste*.
 The greatest performer that ever was known
 Was this fiddle's master, my old Uncle John.
 Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum-diddle—
 Duncan nor Currie had ne'er such a fiddle !

My friends, pray believe me, I speak not in fun,
 When I speak of my worthy defunct Uncle John ;
 I'm really in earnest, then, how could I jest ?
 He of all the musicians was *first* and the *best* !
 None like him's appear'd since the days of the ark—
 He eclips'd Peter Milne, Messrs Birnie and Spark !
 No musical star like my uncle e're shone,
 And this was the fiddle of my Uncle John !

Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum-diddle—

King David of old never saw such a fiddle !

She's a first-class Cremona, she's glorious fine !
 She can play like the bagpipes, or *grunt* like the swine !
 She could make you all weep ; she could make you all sing ;
 She could make you, like fairies, all dance, bound, and spring ;
 She can cure colds and coughs ; she can *swacken* stiff joints ;
 She could make you all march on your very toe points ;
 She's a wonderful instrument—sweet is each tone
 Of this fiddle bequeath'd me by old Uncle John !

Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum-diddle—

Blair, the Queen's fiddler, saw ne'er such a fiddle !

I have said that this fiddle of my Uncle John's
 Can produce the most beautiful, sweetest of tones ;
 She can squeak like a mouse ; she can *mew* like a cat ;
 She could frighten to death every weasel and rat !
 She can *bae* like a sheep ; like a bull she can *boo*,
 And can imitate muircock, or thrush, or cuckoo.
 That she'd speak French or Greek, I am safe to depone,
 Were she *bow'd* by my blessed defunct Uncle John !

Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum-diddle—

There's nothing *too much* for this marvellous fiddle.

He stole with this fiddle each young lady's heart ;
 So I and this fiddle shall never more part,
 For I know she could charm the heart of a sheep,
 Or make the muirhens and the teuchits all weep !
 She once made an ass dance a week and a day—
 Yes ! but mind it was my old Uncle John who did play !

She could put you all daft ; she could charm a stone,
This matchless Cremona of my Uncle John.

Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum-diddle—
Paganini ne'er play'd such a wonderful fiddle !

When I say that this fiddle wrought wonderful things,
It into my mem'ry an incident brings :
My uncle had poultry which cost him much care,
But they seldom would part with their egg kind of ware.
But my uncle, one night, to his poultry did play,
And the tune was so sweet that it made them all lay,
And they've aye laid since then, so I wish to make known
That this was the fiddle my uncle played on !

Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum diddle—
This was my Uncle John's hen-charming fiddle !

As David sooth'd Saul with the strains of the harp,
Should Care pierce your heart with her pikestaff so sharp,
Or Sorrow surround you, as mist doth the hills,
A tune on this fiddle would frighten such ills !
Care whiles comes my way, and glowers into my face ;
Draws his staff o'er my head with a grin and grimace,
But he aye starts a dancing, and ne'er lays it on,
When I play on the fiddle of my Uncle John !
Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum-diddle—
E'en Sorrow grows Mirth when it heareth this fiddle.

Tam Grant lost his wife just a fortnight ago,
And he look'd quite a consummate picture of woe,
But I on this fiddle just played him a tune
That made grief drop away like a wife in a swoon,
And it ne'er found a place in his bosom since then ;
And, tho' sixty, he looks quite a young man again.
Black Miss Fortune once danc'd, till she broke her backbone,
To the strains of this fiddle of my Uncle John.

Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum diddle—
There's physic and magic in Uncle John's fiddle.

I am griev'd, I am sad, I am sorry and vex'd,
 And my brain is bewilder'd and sorely perplex'd,
 That I cannot, like John, make a *practical* show
 Of the powers of this fiddle that's matchless below.
 But perhaps 'tis as well that I have not this art,
 Lest, like uncle, I stole ev'ry young lady's heart,
 For they all, except one, would have cause to bemoan
 That they e'er heard the fiddle of my Uncle John!
 Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum-diddle—
 No mortal e'er saw such a marvellous fiddle!
 Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum-diddle—
 Good bye for the present, quoth I and my fiddle.

ENCORE VERSES.

Each chord of this fiddle my old Uncle John
 Was intimate with, and he often hath shown
 Me each *vibration* that each *note* contain'd,
 And 'twas real *mathematically* he did explain't!
 He'd have lectur'd on music a fortnight and more;
 That he's dead all the world but *one* may deplore,
 And that one is I, but how could I moan,
 When heir to the fiddle of my Uncle John!
 Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum-diddle—
 Six thousand were dross when compared with *this* fiddle!
 My old Uncle John was an eloquent cove,
 And could lecture on all 'neath the moon or above:
 Geology, botany, light, heat, and mist,
 But love was the topic he aye liked the best.
 At the close of each lecture, he always did show
 That music, like love, could work wonders below:
 "It is love's sweetest food; it in war helps us on—
 There's mair in't than's dream't o'," quoth my Uncle John.
 Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum diddle—
 I trow he could lecture who left me this fiddle!
 He for nature's sweet music was ne'er at a loss,
 His home being surrounded with woods and with moss,

And my dear Uncle John took delight and great pains
 In listening the music of snipes and muirhens !
 It was listening their notes, which he'll now list no more,
 That he cull'd all his large stock of musical lore,
 Which was all 'neath this bonnet when he had it on,
 For this was the bonnet of my Uncle John !

Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum-diddle—

Well do I lo'e this auld bonnet and fiddle !

My old Uncle John, 'neath this old fashion'd coat,
 Wore a heart that was stained with not one single blot ;
 And this trousers, tho' short, and tho' tatter'd, yet clean,
 Covered limbs of the strongest and tightest e'er seen ;
 There was one thing he had, but it now won't be mine—
 'Twas a telescope !—Herschell had ne'er one so fine—
 And with it all the fix'd stars he look'd far beyond—
 An astronomer great was my old Uncle John !

Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum-diddle—

A rare one was he who bequeath'd me this fiddle.

When the earth is as iron, the skies like to brass,
 And for rain sigh the corn, potatoes, and grass,
 This fiddle—which oft hath brought tears to the eyes
 Of people whose hearts are more hard than the skies—
 If played as my great Uncle John used to play,
 Would speedily make ev'ry cloud to “give way,”
 For at music so plaintive they could not restrain
 Their tears, which in torrents would gush forth amain !

Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum-diddle—

When rain is required, just get me and my fiddle !

Pulpiteers ne'er were scarce, altho' stipends were small,
 But my uncle could preach with the best of them all,
 And he oft in a barn, at fair Cairn North,
 To a large and delighted assembly “held forth.”
 He stood on a cask—o'er a clothes-rope he leans
 One night, and commencing with “Brethren an' freens,

I'll lay *three* things before ye ; especially *one* "—
 A wag cut the rope, and that "one thing" was John !
 Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum-diddle—
 Great was his fall who bequeath'd me this fiddle ;
 Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, derry-dum-diddle—
 A preacher's none worse tho' he play on a fiddle !

ADDRESS TO, AND LAMENT FOR, MY FLUTE ON ITS BEING
 BROKEN.

O WEARY fa' the piper chiel
 Wha broke my famous Flute !
 If I could grudge him to the deil,
 There needna be a doot.
 My Flute—my trusty, bonny Flute—
 Thy like I'll never find !
 Thou wast the best one hereabout—
 The queen o' a' thy kind !
 But, oh ! alas ! thou'rt broken noo,
 And none thy joint can heal :
 It winna *virrel*, *clasp*, nor *glue*—
 The mischief tak the chiel !
 Thy tone was mellow, rich, and sweet ;
 Melodious and clear ;
 Like fair Euterpe's voice, a treat,
 A joy indeed to hear.
 And thou, my Flute, I've loved thee lang,
 A faithful Flute thou'st been,
 And aye wherever I did gang
 Thou there wert to be seen.
 And I have echoes roused with thee
 From Banff to Benmuicdhui ;

In Laurigru, where rises Dee ;
In shady Ballochbui ;
On Lochnagar ; on Mormon dun ;
On bleak Benaan thou'st spoken ;
But, ah ! my Flute, thy race is run ;
Alas ! alas ! thou'rt broken !

Nae wunner that my heart is sair,
And tears bedim my e'e,
Since thou, my Flute, wilt speak nae mair
In soothing strains to me !
Life is made up of streaks of joy,
And clouds of dool and sorrow ;
The mirth to-day that knows no cloy
Evanisheth to-morrow.
To-day if grief bedim our eyes,
Of hope we're sure to borrow
A ray to say our tears and sighs
Will turn to smiles to-morrow.
Life whiles hath smiling rainbow tints,
And hope dries up our tears ;
But oft e'en hope's sweet sunny glints
Grow dark 'mid doots and fears.
And as for thee, my broken Flute,
For whose sad fate I feel,
Hope steeks its een, an' standeth mute,
And winna say thou'lt heal.
O weary fa' the piper chiel
Broke thee, my fav'rite Flute !
If e'er thou catch him, Mister Deil,
Smore him among thy soot !

Alas ! I'm sad and lonely noo—
As wae's a broken thistle !
I ever will lament, I trow,
For thee, my broken whistle.

It's nae for thy intrinsic worth
That I sae sair lament,
It is because in a' the North
Thy better ne'er was kent ;
It is because such mellow notes,
As aye from thee came forth,
Were ne'er surpassed by flageolots,
Nor flutes o' greater worth ;
It is because to me thou'st been
The source o' meikle mirth,
And hast made mirth dispel dark spleen
At many a gloomy hearth.
It is because to me thou'st been
A comrade since a boy ;
It is because thou wast a freen
That ever brought me joy ;
And thou hast spoken for thyself'
At many a social spree—
Nae wunner tho' my heart outwell
In tears o' grief for thee !
Nae mair thou'lt soothe with plaintive strain,
Nor cheer with lively tune,
When, like barometer ere rain,
In spirits I am doon !
At yon fireside, where erst with glee
Thou gavest thy sweetest strain,
To her who lov'd to sing with thee
Thou'lt never play again !
Nae mair thou'lt speak at " harvest home,"
At concert, walk, nor ball,
Nor when among the hills I roam,
Or rest by waterfall !
Nae mair in yon romantic bower
Thou'lt join the mirthful din
Of waters as they tumble ower
Sweet Corriemulzie Linn !

O weary fa' the piper chiel
 Broke thee, my winsome Flute !
 Words canna speak the grief I feel—
 I'm like a stranded trout !
 Without thee, life will be to me
 A footless, legless stockin',
 And I'll be like a broken tree,
 Or an uprooted dockin ;
 Or like a pale-faced weeping maid
 Who mourns her lover slain,
 And shows condoling friends the plaid
 He wore on war's red plain ;
 Or like a lover bending ower
 His sweetheart's new-closed grave,
 Or like a drooping, dying flower,
 When Autumn's drear winds rave ;
 Or like a ship upon the main,
 When struck with waterspoot—
 I never can be gay again
 Since thou art broke, my Flute !
 O weary fa' the piper chiel
 Wha broke my Flute in twain !
 If worth the takin', tak him Deil !
 Thou'rt welcome to thy ain.

WHISKY *VERSUS* CLARET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "BANFFSHIRE JOURNAL."

THE following Epistle was addressed to Sir Charles Forbes, Bart. of Newe, in reference to a Letter by the honourable Baronet to the *Banffshire Journal*, on the New Commercial Treaty with France:—

SIR CHARLES, I wi' joy hae read
 Your letter on "The Treaty ;"
 It cheer'd my heart, near turned my head ;
 Sir Charles, let me greet ye !

I hate what smacks o' "fulsome praise,"
Because it haps deceit,
But your good deeds commen' themsel'
Better than pen cud vreet.
Ye are a loyal thoro' Scot,
The puir man's freen an' a' ;
As leal a hearted patriot
As ever Scotland saw.
Lang be your life, Clan Forbes' Chief,
To wear the kilt an' gartan,
An' tho' your letter speaks o' "breeks,"
I ken ye mean they're *tartan*.
Heaven keep ye aye what erst ye've been :
A "good Samaritan ;"
A trusty, hearty, dignified,
True model o' "a man."
I'm nae teetot'ler—ne'er will be,
Yet Temperance is mine ;
But troth I heartily agree
Wi' you aboot the wine.
Fan duty free, if it sud be
That workin' folk could fa' it,
I wad a gill auld Scotland will
Sair rue that e'er she saw it.
Auld Scotland's sons are dauntless chiels,
An' Frenchmen ken the truth o't,
But they will grow effeminate
Fan they get wine a fouth o't.
The poetry o' politics,
I never meddle wi' it,
But that "John Bull" is gull'd by "Nap,"
I verra veevly see it.
Altho' "The Treaty" be a hoax,
It's nae affair o' mine ;
Let England—Britain is defunct—
Drink deep in cheap French wine !

I'm mair than glad to see ye haud
The senators in faut,
To ope' "the sluice o' rot-gut" wine
Afore they free the maut.
Tho' wine were cheaper than maut ale,
Fan milkless is the cottage,
I fear it never would be used
To kitchy puir folks' pottage.
Cheap wine, frae lan' whaur Nap the III.
For self plots deep as hell,
Is nae tul our brave honey bees
Like duty-free maut ale.
A dram o' wine, if it be good,
May suit a lady fine ;
But, aye fan I am needin' it,
Let whisky pure be mine.
Ilk country does produce the drinks
That suit its natives best ;
Maut ale an' whisky—Scotland's wines—
Should please her people's taste.
In name o' a' wha "won our bread,"
An' wha "our breeks provide,"
An' a' wha lo'e our mountain land,
As bridegroom should his bride,
I humbly thank you—bless you, too—
For speakin' out for thae,
For few in your high station do
For Scotland's prop speak sae !
Were a' like you, auld Scotland's right
An' might would never fa' ;
But ah ! Sir Charles, she's ignored—
Her verra name's awa' !
England mak's treaties, England fechts :
Hers, army, navy, a' !
M.P.'s say *England*, *England* aye,
But *Britain* scarce ava.

Tho' Caledonia's naething noo,
In England's pridefu' e'e,
It's still our ain lov'd native land,
An' evermair will be.
Whaurever Britain's faes are seen,
They'll taste auld Scotland's steel;
Heaven lang preserve Great Britain's Queen!
Auld Scotland lo'es her weel.

JEANIE STUART.

DID e'er ye see the rising sun
Begild the German Ocean,
An' gar it leuk like melted gowd
O' Ophir a' in motion?
If ye hae seen that gowden sicht,
Ye may weel rest assured
Ye've seen the waving gowden locks
O' bonny Jeanie Stuart.

Aye fan ye see a sweet morning
In sunny lauchin' May,
Fan dewy flowers speak joy and love
To gar our hearts be gay,
An' Nature in her simmer glee
Is sayin' "O' Care, be cured,"
Ye see the lovelit sunny smile
O' artless Jeanie Stuart.

In Spring's bricht leesim days, ye've heard
Enraptured nature sing,
An' hill and dale, an' earth an' air,
An' woods wi' music ring,

An' burnies singin' to the sun
 As on their route they scour'd :
 Ye then did hear the tuneful voice
 O' blithsome Jeanie Stuart.
 Twa raws o' pearl are her teeth ;
 Twa Siriuses her een ;
 Her skin—as saft as silk—is white
 As snaw upon Culbleen.
 Her lips are o' the richest hue
 Ripe cherries can afford,
 An' like a new-blawn rose the cheeks
 O' winsome Jeanie Stuart.
 Her heart it is the kindest
 E'er beat in woman's breast ;
 Her waist it is the slenderest
 Was e'er in spenser drest,
 An' I am sick in love wi' her,
 An' never can be cured
 Till I find balm in love for love
 Frae bonny Jeanie Stuart.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVERIE ;
 OR, A BARD'S ADDRESS TO HIS CARPET BAG.

STANDIN' on the Brig o' Banff glowerin up the stream,
 Tho' fair the scene, it's scarcely place to dream sweet Fancy's
 dream ;
 But, Carpet Bag, I'll lay thee down the parapet upon,
 An' while I rest my wearied shanks I'll muse on days bygone.
 To muse on happy days ance ours is pleasure free o' pain—
 The Past is a *reality*, the Future nane can ken.
 To scan our sunny younger years fan memory taks a sten,
 We e'en forget that we are auld—we a' grow young again !
 I'm young again, for noo in thocht I'm back to Ugie-side,
 A lichtsome wee bit loonie at the skweelie o' Longside !

I see the dominie, the desk, the seats, the beuks, the pressie,
 An' the taurds he gae me *pandies* wi' for kissin' bonny Jessie.
 I carena for the dirlin pain o' hands the taurds made het,
 But again I greet 'cas frae the head I'm sent to the class fit.
 I hear the lassies giggle, an' see the loons lauch in their sleeve—
 To be thus serv'd for ae fond kiss, nae wonder tho' I grieve!
 The readin's past; we're spelling noo, an' I'll my place regain,
 An' spite e'en o' the dominie I will my place retain.
 In thocht I'm in my wonted place by Jessie Adams' side,
 Lauchin at thae wha leuch at me fan Adams claw'd my hide;
 I see my skweelmates ane an' a', I ken ilk youthfu' face;
 An' noo we're at the bools or ba'; an' noo we try a race!
 We noo rink in the auld kirkyard round "Tullochgorum's" grave.
 Avoidin' "Jamie Fleeman's" mound, where rank dark nettles wave,
 An' noo we're takin' "seek an' hide;" noo thumpin' foggy dykes
 Wi' cudgels to bring out the soun o' bumbees in their bykes;
 I see a bummie leave its stang in Gordon Lillie's broo,
 An', feeche! Rob Gregory an' mysel are baith stung near the mou'

It's sunny June on Ugie's banks; I'm dookin in its stream,
 Wi' sheaf o' seggs to gar me float the deepest pot I swim!
 Wi' comrades dear, in thocht I hae "a splashin match" for fun,
 An' noo among the shallow bits we dance and loup and run,
 Till a broken bottle cuts my heel! I noo gae breekless hame,
 An' for a week, upon a stick I limp about richt lame.
 Again I'm at the dancin skweel, a' hale in limb an' lith,
 Learnin' Shauntroose an' Heighlan fling frae cantie Dancie Smith;
 The practising's on Friday first—I'm happy as a bee,
 For Eliza, Jessie's sister's to be partner to me!
 Jim Elmslie proodly thinks that she frae him will tak a ticket,
 But his pride will fa' like flowers in frost on kenin he is nicket.
 Altho' I for kissin' Jessie got grim *pandies* frae her pa,
 Eliza is my fav'rite, an' at dancin beats tham a'.

Alone again I'm standin at my mither's deathbed side;
 She grasps my hand and deeply sighs;—her vital spark is fled!

I speak to her ; she hears me not to answer to my call.
 I ken she's dead ; I greet fu' sair for her—an' for the ball,
 I'll nae get till't, an' what is waur, Jim will my partner get—
 A triple anguish wrings my heart—I'm in a woeful state !
 Ah ! memory, fond memory, that saddens us or cheers,
 As back before our eyes thou bringst the scenes of bygone years,
 To my first woe, to my first love, and my first jealousy,
 Why dost thou back so vividly to such events lead me !

Sitting on the Brig o' Banff gazing up the stream,
 I see ilk gentle rippling wave reflect a bright sunbeam ;
 I see the ripples changing, and the sunbeams dance wi' glee
 To the music o' the waters that run singing to the sea.
 The changing o' those ripples in their twist or bend or curl
 Is an emblem o' maist a' thing that we see in this fair warl ;
 An' the shifting o' the sunbeams as they dance to Deveron's sang
 Is an emblem o' the seconds that to Time an' Life belang.
 The present minute's only ours, the next we mayna see ;
 The Past, where's it ? Ah, memory ! it only dwells in thee.
 The present minute though our ain grows Past wi' lichtnin' speed,
 And but for Memory's eagle eye Life were a blank indeed.
 Fond Memory, wer't nae for thee the Past were dark, unseen ;
 Life would be naething unto us wert thou to steek thy een ;
 Through thee anither year glides past—Time tiresna nor tak
 rests—

And again I'm wi' my comrades 'mong the hedges seekin nests ;
 Again we're on the gowany leas, an' laverocks' nests we get,
 An' we gie the *gorblins* wormies, as mony as they can eat,
 But we dinna daur to fesh them hame—to harry nests is vrang,
 So we leave them to grow muckle birds to cheer us wi' their sang.
 In thought as veev as fan 't took place, I see anither scene :
 'Tis a stormy winter morning, in the toun o' Aberdeen ;
 My Aunt, an' she is greetin' sair, comes to me to my bed,
 And waukens me wi—" Jamie, O puir thing, thy faither's dead !"
 Again wi' hers I mix my tears, an' nought can give me joy—
 Nine simmers havena yet been mine, an' I'm " an orphan boy."

I see him in his coffin laid ; I hear the lid screwed down ;
 An' through my ain I see the tears on ilka cheek aroun' ;
 I see the group o' men in black in grief bear him awa',
 But I dinna see the grave, nor hear the earth on's coffin fa'.

Companion o' my journeyings, I'll speak of thee anon,
 For thou'rt a thread o' Memory's web, a link o' days bygone.
 In thocht I see spring ope its e'e ;—wi' Aunt I leave the toun—
 A meek and pensive pennyless, dounhearted, orphan loon ;
 Again, in thocht I'm herdin', an' to whyle awa' the time,
 I'm lauchin' whiles, an' greetin' whiles, an' whiles I try to rhyme.
 The lonesome grave o' Souter John, the doited suicide ;
 The yellow broom ; the purple heath, an' thrissel—Scotland's pride ;
 The hum o' bumbees 'mong the flowers ; the laverock's joyful strain ;
 The sighing wind among the leaves ; the sang o' Autumn's grain ;
 The fa'in' leaves ; the drivin' showers to Winter that belang ;
 An' the opening buds o' lauchin' Spring, to me are themes o' sang.
 An' a' my little joys or woes, in rude untutor'd verse,
 To whyle awa' the herdin' hours, I to the wind rehearse.

Noo, ten years mair wi' lichtnin' speed across my memory fly—
 And I visit Aberdeen again, and thee, my Bag, I buy ;
 Thou cost me just five shillings nett—'twas a' the cash I had.
 But though I gave my a' for thee, I was not drunk nor mad ;
 For thou hast been a usefu' bag, an' hast gone thrice wi' me
 To ramble 'mong the giant hills that shelter infant Dee ;
 Hast been a pillow to my head, fan sleepin' in the glens ;
 And held my grub, my claes, my flute, my paper, ink, an' pens.
 Mayhap a third o' what thou cost was profit to the blade
 I bought thee frae, but what o' that ? folk *maun* live by their trade.
 But though thou cost me but a crown, companion, thou art a'
 That fell to me o' sevenscore pounds ; the rest was spent on Law.
 My father's folk an' mither's folk about " the orphan " streev—
 Or rather 'bout the siller, as some folk say an' believe.
 My mither's folk the siller had ; my father's folk had me.
 The taen would *tak*, the ither *keep*—an' thus did disagree,

An' entered Law, that justice might by it to me be done ;
 An' mony a case, a' for my gweed, by them was lost and won.
 Whaever won or lost the Law made little unto me—
 My siller went to pay for it, and a' I got was thee.
 It being for "the orphan's" weal that they had gane to Law,
 The Law and justice settled that his cash should pay for a'!
 But what o' that, my Carpet Bag? Whilst thou art to the fore,
 Thou'lt mind me on my orphan days, my luckless days of yore ;
 And wilt remind me of the fact, should e'er it be my fa'
 To strive wi' folk, an' meditate on entering "the Law,"
 That little's ever won by Law, e'en though the case I'd gain—
 An' that, or lose or won the suit, I'd lots o' siller spen'.
 There's nae a loss, be't great or sma', nor grief, nor accident,
 But what—if we could understand—is for our welfare sent ;
 But, Bag, I canna comprehend, at least I fail to see,
 Ae jot o' gweed sprang frae the Law that left me nought but thee.
 The evils o't, I veevly see ; I feel them at my core,
 In the want o' what makes sma' folk great—fouth o' scholastic lore ;
 But learning, though a blessed gift, has oft made many rogues,
 An' what I hae, wi' industry, will won my claes an' brogues ;
 An' while my food and raiment through honest toil I earn,
 I'll be daily learnin' *something*—an' wha is't that's nae to learn ?
 My wearied shanks are rested noo, again I maun be trudgin',
 Come to my back again, my Bag, an' dinna think I'm grudgin'
 That Fortune, in her flichtriveness, has laid my lot so lowly—
 She yet may raise me up a step, though she may do it slowly ;
 But be her favours great or sma', while health and friendship cheer
 me,
 I wunna let my heart gae doun should her *first* daughter steer me.
 An' while Erato favours me, fan bending at her shrine,
 Whate'er my fa', I'll be content, gie thanks an' ne'er repine ;
 An' come what will, my Carpet Bag, I'll never part wi' thee,
 Except for bread, fan a' thing else has taen fareweel o' me.

THE AULD YEAR'S RETROSPECT O' ITSEL'.—1ST JAN., 1861.

AFORE the auld year bade adieu
 To time, an' earth, an' me,
 It said, "If ye'll my life review,
 Ye'll very plainly see
 Events o' note were far frae few,
 For ilka day brought something new,
 As I ower earth as noiseless flew
 As owls at midnight flee.

"An' noo, afore I gae to sleep,
 Amang the years that were,
 I'll tak' a retrospective peep
 At what brought grief and care :
 I saw ten thousan' thousan' weep
 Ower new closed graves, whaur Death does keep
 The sheaves o' clay that he did reap,
 An' wadna bribe to spare.

"Death, aye an eident reaper, has,
 Sin' I to time belang'd,
 Been busy fillin' Hades' jaws,
 An' some kirkyards has pang'd.
 He never tires nor makes a pause,
 For ilka instant some ane fa's ;
 An' ilka puff o' win' that blaws
 Bears some 'last sich' along.

"Dalhousie, Richmond, Aberdeen—
 Great men, and men o' worth,
 Whose inlake did frae countless een
 Gaur grief's saut tears gush forth—
 An' Robertson (the kirk's great freen',
 Wha' will an' has lamented been),
 An' mony mair divines are ta'en
 Belangin' to the north.

"I've partly been like former years—
 What's been will be again,
 An' grief, an' joy, an' hope, an' fear
 Will ever dwal wi' men ;
 An' I've seen joy as weel as tears
 'Mong peasant folk as weel as peers ;
 An' what was scarce by my forbears
 E'en dreamt o' in their reign—
 Earl Caithness coach ! propell'd by steam
 On common Highland roads !
 A feat—a fact—nae idle dream
 O' half-drunk pagan gods !
 I prophecy you yet will see
 A' roads macadamized ;
 An' coaches drawn by steam will be
 For traffic advertised ;
 An' they'll increase,
 An' rails shall cease.

"I saw a goupenu' o' men,
 Brave sons o' France and Britain,
 Mak China's capital their ain
 Wi' hardly ony sheetin'.
 Ye may be glad as well as fain
 That few were wounded, fewer slain ;
 Rejoice they did sic victory gain—
 John Chinaman is beaten !

"I heard loud cheers like thunner ring
 Throughout America,
 When Wales, your Prince and future King,
 On Jonathan did ca'.
 Frae's visit muckle guid will spring—
 The nations will the closer cling
 Together 'neath Love's outspread wing,
 An' Peace will be their fa'.

"I saw the Prince bareheaded stan'
 Where Washington does sleep,
 An' honour the shades of that great man,
 Whose patriotism will keep
 His name an' worth fresh in that land,
 To be a spell, a magic wand
 To conjure up a patriot band,
 Invading faes to sweep.

"The freenly visit Scotland got
 Frae Nap the Third's guidwife,
 Is 'mang the blithe events o' note
 Recorded in my life,
 An' will do mair to strait the knot
 O' freenship 'tween the Gael and Scot,
 Than e'er did treaty, speech, or plot ;—
 Fareweel a' bygone strife !

"Noo, ere I tak my crawl awa',
 For here comes Sixty One,
 Tak my advice—ne'er break the law,
 An' never lie nor ban ;
 Deal justly aye ; be kind to a',
 An' dinna slander great nor sma' ;
 Nor magnify a little flaw
 Ye see in brither man ;

"Let Charity rule what ye say
 Fan Reputation's in the play,
 An' do the best ye can ;
 An' ne'er forget there comes a day,
 In whilk, like me, frae time ye'll gae
 To dree the doom o' weal or wae,
 Whaur guid or bad anes dwell."
 It spak nae mair ; the clock struck twal',
 An' like a passin' meteor's ray,
 That nane can grasp or gar it stay,
 It vanish'd frae my sight away,
 An' nane can it recall.

I wish ye a' a guid New Year !
 The auld ane is awa' ;
 An' though its clouds shed mony a tear,
 An' mony a shower o' snaw ;
 An' though its sky was seldom clear,
 Its Spring and Simmer could an' drear,
 Its Autumn gae o' corn an' bere,
 A fouth for ane an' a'.

Auld Sixty's gone, and Sixty One
 Spreads out its youthfu' wings,
 An' Time gies it his wrinkled han',
 An' tells it lots o' things
 That will tak' place in its brief span—
 Things by the future hid frae man,
 For nane the future's mist can scan,
 Nor ope its secret springs.

Wha scans the future, vainly glowers—
 Its voice nae man can hear ;
 The past is gone, the present's ours,
 We see a braw New Year !

HELEN OF THE GLEN.

FAR from the city's smoke and strife, and the noisy haunts of men,
 Where 'Gairn flows 'mong purple hills, lives Helen of the Glen.
 Her face is fair, her voice is clear, and her dark love-beaming e'e,
 That speaks of the kindly heart she wears, is a joy indeed to see.
 Sure he will be the luckiest—the happiest of men—
 Who wins the smile and the heart and hand of Helen of the Glen.
 In summer gloamin's, when the lark its vesper lay doth sing,
 While down the Glen the gentle wind sweet scent of flowers doth
 bring ;

Or when in August heather bells pour forth their odour rare,
Where pines lift up their dark green heads and kiss the perfum'd
air,

How sweet 'twould be, when toil is o'er—unseen, unheard by men—
To walk and talk of love and bliss with Helen of the Glen!

And when the ripen'd leaves are reft from birk and hazel tree,
And winter winds wail wildly o'er Glengairn and Glendee;
And when the storm clouds gather round Benaan and Morven steep,
And drifting snow on ev'ry hill its chilly vigils keep,
Then, as night spreads its sable cloak, and flocks are in the pen,
How happy would the hours flit past with Helen of the Glen!

Her songs would cheer the evening hours, and in her sunny smile,
When seated at his ain fireside, he would forget his toil.
To live for her, and love but her, and of but her to dream,
Aware that her best love is his, how light would labour seem!
Her kindly heart and aye pleased face, on which content doth reign,
Would make life one sweet summer day with Helen of the Glen.

DEATH OF A CHILD ON MORMOND HILL.

Æ bonny bairnie clam my side,
An' wow she was a winsome thing:
Her father's pet, her mither's pride—
As blythesome as a lark in spring.
'Twas autumn, and the sun shone bright;
Ripe were the berries on my side,
An' she did pu', an' far did stray
Frae that wee cot whaur she did bide.
An' aye she clam an' pu'd an' ate,
An' ate, an' clam, an' sang fu' gay,
Till oot o' sicht o' house an' ha',
The puir wee lassie tint her way.

An' syne she grat, an' ran, an' fell,
An' raise an' ran, an' fell again ;
" Oh mither ! mither ! whaur are ye ?"
Raise to the list'ning sky in vain.
Sair did she wail, she ran, she fell,
The heather tripp'd her little feet ;
Nae mortal e'e her anguish saw ;
Nae mortal ear did hear her greet.
She ran till she cud rin nae mair,
An' lay whaur she again did fa' ;
Unfit to rise, she sobb'd fu' sair
Till sleep drove a' her grief awa'.
She slept an' dreamt o' voices sweet,
O' kindly smiles till midnight's hour ;
Syne wauken'd up, puir babe to meet
The king that gars a' mortal cower.
Fear cam on her—ah ! deepest fear,
An' like an aspen she did quiver,
An' scream for help, but nane was near,
An' aye she cried " O mither ! mither !"
Exhaustit an' half dead wi' fear,
An' nane to close her death-glaz'd e'e,
Or frae her cheek dry life's last tear,
Or haud her head an' see her dee.
She 'mang the purple heather fell,
Near the Huntstane, an' breath'd her last ;
O' her sad fate I aye will tell,
Fan I am speakin' o' the past.
To find her hundreds cam to try,
But trace o' her they cud get nane ;
They kentna that they aft gaed by
Her whaur she slept near my Huntstane.
Some days elapsed ere she was got ;
Wi' berry juice her cheeks war red,
Fan twa wee herds cam on the spot,
An' found her lyin' stark an' dead.

A GRANNIE AN' HER OY.

Quo' Grannie ae day to her prodigal oy—
 A chiel o' nineteen, wha she spoil'd fan a boy,
 By saving his hurdies fan it sud been claw'd,
 For some mistymainer or lick-treacle fraud;
 Or for truan' the skweelie, or tellin' a lie,
 Sayin' he had been "nae way," fan troutin' was he;
 Or for rivin' his breeks, or brakin' some bowl,
 Or nippin' the cat's tail an' garin' it yowl;
 Or for baain' aloud like a half-stickit sheep,
 An' wauknin' the wean frae its afterneen sleep;
 Or for nae haein' his lesson, or rivin' his beuk,
 Overturmin' the churn, or for wagging the crook;
 But for a' sicklike protics, as ye may jalouse,
 His kind-hearted Grannie aye found an excuse,
 An' said there was something in Tam's bonny broo,
 Proclaim'd he'd "grow wiser the aulder he grew;"—
 Quo' she, as we said, to her prodigal oy,
 "'Deed, Tam, its high time tul gie ower ilka ploy,
 And ilka ill-trick, for ye noo are a man,
 And the richt frae the wrang ye sud weel un'erstan';
 Its time tul gie up a' yer daft falderals,
 An' drop gaen tul theatres, an' markets, an' balls,
 An' races, an' gatherings, whaur Satan does jouk—
 Ye sud think o' yer saul, min, an' turn tul yer beuk,
 For, as my pious pastor on Sunday last said,
 If ye dinna repent ye may well be afraid,
 For the deil's never idle, by nicht nor by day—
 He does a' that he can tul lead's farer astray.
 Tak' ye my advice, Tam; repent; and, like me,
 Leave the Puseyite Church an' hook on tul the Free,
 For there's nae ither Church in the warld sae pure—
 I tried twa or three, and o' that I am sure."
 "Ay, Grannie," quo' Tam, "yer a pious auld wife,
 And as kindly hearted as ever had life;

And that ye 'twa or three' kirks hae gi'en a brief trial,
 Is frae me needin' naething in shape o' denial.
 Ye tried first the Auld Kirk, and syne the U.P.,
 The Methodist, Baptist, and lastly the Free;
 But it's nae very likely that it will be lang
 Till ye in the Free will see something that's vrang;
 An' syne, like the lave, ye'll that matchless Church spurn—
 But wha will ye join wi' the neist time ye turn?"
 "Ye great stupid tapy," quo' Grannie, "ye'll see
 I'll near turn my coat again—ne'er leave 'The Free'—
 Till I'm carried feet foremost to join 'neath the sward
 The quiet folk that dwell in Turlundie kirkyard." *
 "Eh! Grannie," quo' Tam, "I was sure it would be
 That again ye'd be turncoat, an' flit frae the Free,
 For fan ance yer indwaller aneath the greensward,
 On the hills' sunny side in Turlundie kirkyard,
 Ye'll hae turned yer coat, said fareweel tul the Free,
 An' join'd the Independents that ne'er disagree!"
 "Weesht, prodigal, weesht!" quo Grannie, in ire,
 "There's nane could sic deil-pleasing jestin' admire;
 An' tho' ye think it witty, it has but the soun'
 O' a girkal at Lammas, ye vile graceless loon!
 It sets ye richt ill, sir, to crack sic a joke
 On ane wha has saved ye frae mony a stroke,
 For I'm sure I was ane, nay, the best o' yer freens—
 But we canna clear the flesh o' what's bred in the banes;
 An' to thus jeer yer Grannie—tho' ill, ill yer pairt—
 Shows veevly yer godless an' black at the heart;
 But fan Death cuts yer thread, as he some day will de,
 Ye maun then leave the Chapel as I maun the Free."

* Turlundie Churchyard is one of the New Pitsligo burying grounds.

A NAPHTHA CONFLAGRATION.

WIVES, trim your naphtha lamps by day,
 An' hinna it ado at nicht ;
 For my ane's caused me muckle wae,
 An' gien my wife an unco fricht.
 As she was fillin' it yestreen,
 It was in licht, an', curse the lowe !
 It caught the jug, an' brunt her een,
 An' left nae hair on a' her pow.
 The fricht she got jist gart her swoon,
 And as she fell, she tint the lamp ;
 The bree gaed flarin' her aroun'
 In bleezes tho' the fleer was damp.
 I ran to snatch her frae the flames,
 And doin' that, caused greater scaith ;
 I smash'd the naphtha pig to lems,
 In my hot haste to mak' her safe !
 Up caber hicht the lowes did loup,
 An' water wouldna droon the flame :—
 I thocht we'd be brunt stoop an' roop,
 An' nought left but the wa's o' hame.
 My hands were brunt, an' baith my feet,
 I chanc'dna to hae on my sheen ;
 Her hands and arms—she aye liked heat—
 Were scaumd, as were her cheeks and een.
 To dread the warst richt prone are we,
 But ne'er was ill but nicht been waur ;
 The ills we in the future see
 Are aften waur than real anes are.
 An' tho' I thocht that we yestreen,
 Wi' house an' gear would lose our life,
 We're na sae ill's we nicht hae been—
 Nae thanks for that to my guidwife !

For had she, ere the sun gaed down,
 But trimmed the lamp as should been deen,
 Black hair had yet adorn'd her crown,
 Hale been her hands, her face and een.
 And here I wouldna sat as noo,
 Unable for my wonted toil,
 Wi' baith my hands 'mong oily 'oo,
 An' feet 'mong duds and linseed oil.
 Could we foresee an accident,
 Or ken what's planned for us by Fate,
 We'd lay wise schemes ills to prevent ;
 But, blind, we're wise fan it's too late.
 Experience is a teacher true—
 We sometimes dearly pay for him ;
 And my guidwife is vowing noo
 Henceforth *by day* her lamp she'll trim.

A T O A S T.

HERE's to the man, whate'er his creed,
 Or station high or low,
 Who never—basely—turns his back
 On neither *friend* nor *foe*.

AN EX-TEETOTALLER'S ODE.

YESTREEN I had a swig of gin,
 In place where plenty saw me ;
 Yestreen I broke the Temp'rance pin,
 That did so grip an' thraw me.

Yestreen I jist got roarin' fu'—
 Repent o' that I canna ;
 For I got leave an' preed the mou'
 O' Mary's bonny Anna.

Yestreen to Sooter John, my freen—
 He likes to hear it clinkin—
 I gaed to settle for my sheen,
 An' thus got into drinkin'.
 I drank to him, an' him to me :—
 Drank toasts that name I manna ;
 But ane I drank wi' greatest glee,
 Was "Mary's bonny Anna."

Her een shine like twa draps o' dew,
 That glance on modest violet,
 An' laugh to see the sun's red hue
 Chase west the mornin' twilight.
 Her voice is music's echoed sound
 In woods of Cairnbanna,
 An' love's sweet smile aye hovers round
 The lips o' Mary's Anna.

D A F T L O V E,

SUGGESTED ON HEARING A FRIEND EXPRESS HOW HE FELT AFTER
 BEING JILTED.

THE lass aside the burn, she was life an' licht to me ;
 The tones o' her sweet silvery voice, like music off at sea,
 Fell on my ear like joyfu' news frae freens wha distant be—
 O the lass aside the burn was the honey an' the bee !

The ringlets o' her raven hair, the sparklin' o' her een,
 An' yon sweet smile—yon witchin' smile that graced her face yes
 treen—

Hae driven oot the wits frae me, and I am dootit clean
Wi' her, the lass aside the burn, of Beauty's land the queen.

The lass aside the burn, as lightsome fa' her feet
As those of fairies when they dance to music low and sweet,
At midnight under moonlicht, in the forest's lone retreat ;—
Than her the timid loesome fawn could never bound mair fleet.

Of the lass aside the burn, who hath stown my heart frae me,
Wi' smirks an' smiles like solar beams that dance upon the sea,
I sit an' think, and sadly grieve while saut tears blin' my e'e,
That she will not hae me for her ain, tho' I for her sud dee.

On Sundays, fan I gae to kirk—I may think shame to say't—
The text and ilka word I hear I maistly aye forget :
She is my thocht at early dawn, my hindmost thocht at late—
As weel be sleepin' in my grave as be in sic a state !

At diet time I sit and gaze, and naething can I eat ;
The love I'm nursin' nicht an' day is a' I need for meat ;
Love has me worn to skin an' bane—I'm deenin' on my feet ;
I canna work nor nod to freens I meet upon the street.

I canna get ae wink o' sleep when I gae to my bed,
For nicht an' day 'tis her alone that's running in my head ;
Love's strongest cords hae bound my heart, and it hath deeply bled,
And I—a willing sacrifice—am on Love's altar laid.

What way to “ pop the question ” put me in a fearful swither,
But I found words, and she replied, “ I canna leave my mither ; ”
So we in happy wedlock's bond will ne'er be joined together,
And, O ! I find the cause is this—she's promis'd to anither !

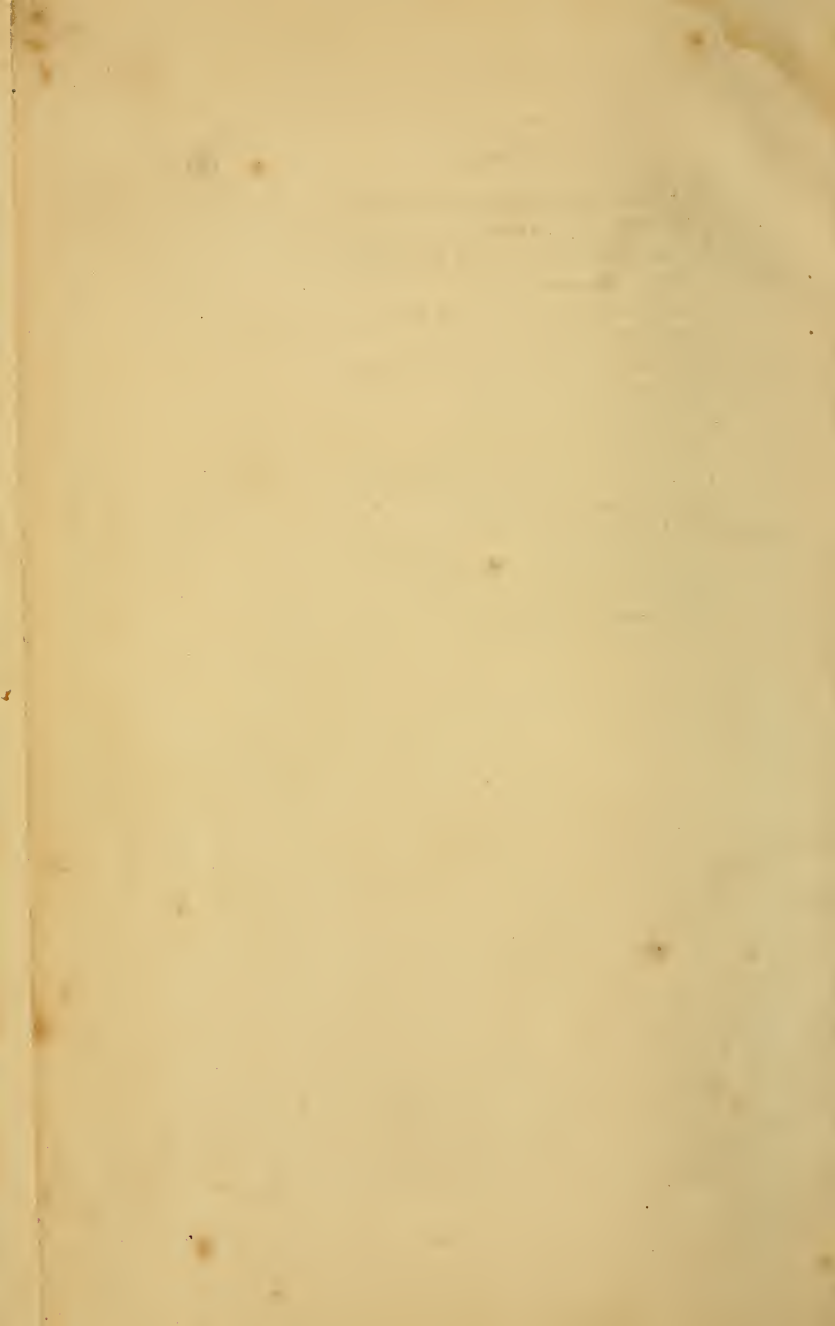
I've tried to drown my grief in wine, and I hae tried to pray,
But, like the blood on murd'rer's knife that will not wash away,
It sticks to me, and like a ghaist I wander nicht an' day,
An' ne'er will rest until I'm laid among the kirkyard clay.

An' when I'm streekit stark an' cauld, an' death has seal'd my e'e,
 Aneath the lichtnin' blasted oak I wish my grave to be;
 An' there, when winter win's howl loud, an' groans come frae ilk'
 tree,
 The blasted oak will signify 'twas Love that blighted me.

SIMMER'S NE'ER AWA'.

Tho' Simmer's sweets hae taen farewell
 O' bonny Ugie-side,
 It's Simmer aye frae June to May
 Whaur my true love does bide.
 To me she's Simmer's fairest flower,
 Wi' breath as freshly sweet
 As a' the flowers in Chloris' bowers
 Fan a' their odours meet.
 To me her smile's the Simmer sun,
 Her words the songs o' June,
 Fan bird an' bee, on flower and tree,
 Their voice to love attune.
 The brightest stars that ever saw
 Their face in smooth Loch Ness,
 Had ne'er the sheen o' her black een,
 That Love and Truth express.
 The red rose hue adorns her cheek,
 Her broo is lily white;
 Her waist is neat, but her wee feet
 Micht Elfin's Queen delight.
 The blackest clouds that nicht e'er saw
 Were ne'er sae black's her hair;
 And Eve hersel', afore she fell,
 Had never face sae fair.

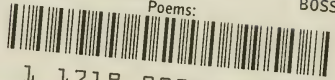
Her footsteps are as silent as
The shadow o' a clood,
An' she's blithesome aye as sunny May
Fan in its gayest mood.
Love taks delight to dwell wi' her,
An' deck her face wi' smiles ;
That I'm her swain maks me richt fain,
An' lichtens a' my toils.
An' tho' fair Simmer be awa',
An' drear October's breeze,
Wi' reivin' han', scours ower the lan',
An' leafless maks the trees,
True Love—a flower that never fades—
A tree whas leaves ne'er fa'—
Is ours to cheer us a' the year,
An' Simmer's ne'er awa'.



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